The Wellesley Magazine.

CONTENTS FOR JANUARY, 1893.

Transition in the Industrial Status of Woman	*Katharine Coman*	171
The Novel of the Future	*Alice W. Kellogg*	178
A Night in the Cathedral	*Mary E. Dillingham*	182
At Sunset	*Edith E. Tuxbury*	184
Themes		184
Norse Fiction	*Martha G. McCaulley*	188
The Dark	*Florence Converse.*	193
Sketches Involving Problems.—A Settlement Study	*Caroline L. Williamson*	193
Editorial		199
Free Press		204
Book Reviews		209
Exchanges		212
College Notes		217
Society Notes		217
College Bulletin		218
Alumnæ Notes		219
Marriages, Births, Deaths		220

Entered in the Post-office at Wellesley, Mass., as second-class matter.

RAPID PRINTING COMPANY, BOSTON.

L. P. Hollander & Co.,

Ladies' Jackets, Coats, Ulsters and Mantles.

The Largest Assortment of Fine Goods in the Country.

Our Selections for Fall and Winter comprise every variety of garments. Our chief aim has been to secure exclusive shapes and materials, and as few duplicates as possible. Our prices we guarantee to be as low as any in the city for similar qualities.

Ladies' Trimmed Hats,

The Latest Parisian Shapes and Novelties in Trimmings. Also

ENGLISH ROUND HATS,

From Henry Heath of London.

202 Boylston Street, and Park Square, Boston,

Also 290 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK.

GENUINE

RUSHTON'S

Light Cedar Boats and Canoes.

EASY ROWING.

Tennis Goods, Racquets, etc. Skates, Dumb Bells, Indian Clubs. Fine French Opera Glasses. Leather Dogskin Walking and Exercising Jackets, for both ladies and gentlemen, soft as kid, used in riding, skating, etc.; impervious to cold.

MANUFACTURERS OF

NEW MAIL SAFETY CYCLES,

Ladies' Pattern, $100.

THE BEST LADIES' WHEEL MADE.

WM. READ & SONS,

107 Washington Street, - - BOSTON.

SHOES

of every description.

The latest in style, best in quality, at moderate prices.
Gymnasium shoes of all kinds at low prices.
Special discount to Wellesley Students and Teachers.

THAYER,
McNEIL &
HODGKINS,

47 Temple Place, BOSTON.

To the Alumnæ of Wellesley College:—

When, a year ago, it was decided to give up the *Wellesley Prelude* and substitute for it the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE, the management realized that the expenses of the new venture could not be met without the hearty support of the alumnæ. This support has been for the most part generously given, but feeling that the MAGAZINE cannot be considered a complete success until it is in the hands of every alumnæ, the editors for '93-'94 have decided to send out this brief statement of their plans and purposes for the coming year:

First. It is expected that the MAGAZINE will serve as a bond of union between the College and those who have gone out from its walls. The College Notes are intended to give in outline the leading events of the Wellesley life, while the Society news and programs will enable graduate members to keep in touch with the work of their own Society.

Second. It is hoped that the MAGAZINE will be the means of keeping up a closer connection among the alumnæ themselves. It is intended during the coming year to make the Alumnæ Notes an especially prominent feature, giving the fullest details obtainable concerning the whereabouts, occupation and well-being of the alumnæ and former students. To accomplish this purpose every alumnæ, whether a subscriber or not, is earnestly requested to send to the editor of the MAGAZINE any such news which she may possess.

Third. It is hoped that the MAGAZINE may represent the literary life of Wellesley, giving the best thought and most earnest work of the students and alumnæ, and thus furnishing a standard by which the outside world may judge both the work done at our Alma Mater and its effects.

That these purposes may be fully carried out, the editors most earnestly request the support and co-operation of the alumnæ. The college constituency is not large enough to entirely sustain the MAGAZINE. To fully succeed it must have the assistance of the graduates, and for this assistance the editors now ask, relying confidently on that spirit of loyalty to Wellesley and Wellesley institutions among the alumnæ, which has led them to accomplish so much already for the welfare and reputation of the College Beautiful.

Wellesley, Sept. . . . .

. 189

Enclosed please find two dollars, my subscription to the Wellesley Magazine for the year 1893-94.

Address, ...

The Wellesley Magazine.

VOL. I. WELLESLEY, JANUARY 14, 1893. No. 4.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF,
FLORENCE CONVERSE.

ASSOCIATE EDITOR,
ANNIE B. TOMLINSON.

MANAGING EDITORS,
HELEN G. EAGER,
MARION N. WILCOX.

LITERARY EDITORS.
ELINOR F. RUDDLE, CARRIE F. MANN,
JOSEPHINE P. SIMRALL, HELEN M. BENNETT,
FRANCES H. LUCAS, CAROL M. DRESSER.

The WELLESLEY MAGAZINE is published monthly, from October to June, by a board of editors chosen from the senior class.

Terms, $2.00 per year; single copies 25 cents.

All *alumnæ* news should be sent, until further notice, to Miss Carol M. Dresser, 93 Tyler street, Boston.

Advertising business is conducted by Miss Helen G. Eager, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

Subscriptions to the MAGAZINE and other business communications, in all cases, should be sent to Miss Marion N. Wilcox, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

All items of college interest, and communications to be inserted in the department of Free Press, will be received by Miss Annie B. Tomlinson, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

All literary contributions may be sent to Miss Florence Converse, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

TRANSITION IN THE INDUSTRIAL STATUS OF WOMAN.

ONE hundred years ago America was still in what is known to industrial history as the "domestic epoch." England's industries had entered fully upon the factory stage; but machinery and the secrets of the trade were jealously guarded as the peculiar perquisites of the British capitalist. Not until 1820 did we overtake the mother country in the realm of invention.

Under the domestic system of industry, the house is the work-shop. Wife and daughters and younger sons are the operatives, while the capitalist, the employer of labor, is the head of the house. This family group produces for its own consumption. There may be some neighborhood exchange of goods, but there is little surplus product for sale. While the domestic system prevailed, there was slight differentiation of employments or division of labor. The family was an industrial community, and the farmhouse a centre of numerous trades. Every farmer expected to live of his own, and

was as self-sustaining as a feudal baron. Farm and garden yielded food-stuffs, the wood-lot furnished fuel and timber, even the family clothing was in good part clipped from the backs of home-bred sheep. Saw-mill, grist-mill, sugar-camp, slaughter-house and tannery were not unusual appurtenances of the well-equipped farm. Seldom had the farmer recourse to the world's market. The needs of his household were few and simple, and were met by home production. Mother and daughters contributed their full share toward supplying the family wants. The baking, the brewing, the butter-making, the care of garden, of cows and of poultry were relegated to them. It was their duty and pride to "put up" the summer fruits, and they concocted jams and jellies and marmalades whose very memory is an appetizer. When in the autumn the products of the summer's labor were being harvested and stored for winter use, the women's hands were busy. There were apples and peaches to be gathered and dried, or made up into delicious fruit butters. There were pumpkins to be brought in from the corn-field and stored against Thanksgiving Day. The fall slaughtering required the active assistance of the women of the house. Meat must be smoked, or salted down in pickle, fat must be tried into lard and the refuse made into soap. Great brass kettles hung for weeks on the crane over the open-air fire, and to the farm-bred child form as inseparable a part of the autumn memory-picture as the cider-mill or the fruit-laden chestnut-tree. When the work of the autumn was accomplished and the cellar well stocked with food, the winter tasks began. Spinning, weaving, knitting and sewing kept the women's fingers busy through the short days and long evenings. Like the virtuous women of old, they sought wool and flax and wrought willingly with their hands. Bed-linen, blankets, gay patch-work quilts, rugs and carpets, garments for men as well as for women and children, for outer as well as for underwear — all these things, which we to-day buy at the dry-goods store, our grandmothers expected to make as part of their contribution to the family comfort and welfare. The wide, roomy kitchen was a workshop whose many industries absorbed the time and talent of the mother and daughters of the house and often required the services of the daughters of poorer neighbors. Here was an unfailing field of usefulness for the maiden aunts and spinster cousins whose skilful aid more than compensated for their "keep."

The industrial events of the past hundred years have wrought a complete transformation here. The numerous industries of the farmhouse have been assumed by as many trades and translated to the city, to the factory, to the sweater's shop. In 1790 Samuel Slater, having imported adequate knowledge of English methods and inventions in a very capacious brain, put up the first spinning-mill in America at Pawtucket, Rhode Island. It proved an immediate success. The housewife's wheel was easily distanced and domestic spinning became a lost art. For twenty-five years longer cloth was woven on hand-looms, the warp being provided by the mill. In 1814 Francis C. Lowell constructed a power-loom and built a complete factory at Waltham, Mass. Weaving as a domestic craft was doomed from that moment. Factory cloth was cheaper than the home-made goods. The spinning-wheel and hand-loom disappeared from the farmhouse except in inaccessible districts where cost of transportation neutralized the advantage of the factory product.

As for the farmer's daughters, they followed the spinning-wheel to the factory. Until 1850 they made up the majority of the employees in the mills. Thus the work taken out of the home was performed by the same hands under new conditions.

It would seem that the province of the needle would not be so easily invaded, and yet this peculiarly domestic industry has been to a great extent transferred to the factory. Until 1825 all but the most elegant clothing was made up at home — the lighter garments by the women of the family, the heavier and more elaborate by the itinerant tailor who came, spring and fall, with shears, press-board and irons, and was lodged and fed until the season's outfit was complete. In the second quarter of the century, tailors' shops came into vogue, and soon ready-made clothing for men and boys was put upon the market. The invention of the sewing-machine in 1850 revolutionized the methods of the trade. Something analogous to factory conditions was introduced. Great shops were established, employing many machines and hundreds of men, women and children. Tailoring has some time since passed from the home to the contractor's shop, and it is safe to predict that dressmaking will soon follow. By a similar process knitting has been taken out of the hands of the housewife, together with tatting, hemstitching and embroidery. One by one the household crafts have become trades,

and the articles that were once made in a hundred thousand homes are now manufactured in a few great factories. We have surrendered the preserving of fruit and the curing of meat to the canning establishment and the abattoir. The creamery makes better butter than the farmer's wife. The laundry and the bakery are bidding for two onerous tasks that can well be done out of the house, while the advocates of co-operative housekeeping would have us make over even the preparation of the daily meals to a public kitchen.

And yet the women of the present day are busy — too often overworked. What labors have they substituted for the household employments of the last century? The answer is not far to seek. Women of leisure devote the time that their grandmothers spent at the spinning-wheel or over the needle to enjoyment of the larger intellectual and social life of to-day. Their contribution to the national well-being is less tangible, but need be no less real and beneficent. As for the women who are obliged to aid in the support of the family, they have, for the greater part, sought work in the factories. It is their best means of assisting father or husband or brother to keep the house and provide for its dependent members.

Opportunities for wage-earning employment have multiplied with each succeeding decade of the nineteenth century. An historical review of wages and prices published by the Massachusetts Labor Bureau in 1885 affords some interesting suggestions as to the widening of woman's industrial sphere. The first record of woman's wages appears in 1815, "Domestic servants, fifty cents a week with board." In 1825, three new employments appear, nursing, fitting hand-made shoes and sorting in the paper-mills. In 1837, we find women employed in the bookbinderies as folders and sewers. Harriet Martineau's "Society in America" appeared in 1837; she protests bitterly against the subjection of women as a consequence of their industrial dependence. She found but seven employments open to women — teaching, needle-work, household service, keeping boarders, and employment in printing-offices, in book-binderies and in the cotton-mills. The factories of Lowell and Lawrence were by this time fully established and were paying expert spinners $1.36 a day. Hundreds of young women came from the farms to the factory towns to earn the price of a winter's schooling or a wedding outfit. Lucy Larcom and Harriet Robinson, themselves factory

girls, have given us cheery pictures of the self-reliant, self-respecting working women of that day. The factory girls established literary clubs and circulating libraries and published a monthly magazine, "The Lowell Offering." They led happy, wholesome lives, put by money, and felt themselves in no way degraded by their work. Many of them married into the families of their employers.

The industrial opportunities of women have multiplied with the extension of the factory system; but woman's labor was not recognized as an industrial factor demanding the attention of the economist and statistician until after the war. The United States census of 1850 reports only the "professions, occupations and trades of the male population." That of 1860 reports occupations without distinction of sex. The census of 1870 reports 338 occupations open to women and 1,836,288 women employees. Of these, nearly one-half were engaged in domestic service. 1,836,288 is about 13 per cent. of the total female population over ten years of age. According to the census of 1880 there were in that year 2,647,157 working women in the United States. This is about 15 per cent. of the total female population of working age. Only one-third were engaged in domestic service. The figures for 1890 are not yet published, but there is little reason to doubt that they will give evidence that a still larger percentage of American women are working for wages and that a smaller fraction of these are household servants.

Are we to congratulate ourselves upon this industrial achievement of the nineteenth century? The housewife has been relieved of much exhausting drudgery. The price of almost every article of domestic use has fallen. This reduction in prices, coupled with the concurrent rise in wages has doubled the purchasing power of labor. The standard of living, that most important factor in social progress, has steadily risen. Moreover, the new industrial order affords opportunity for profitable employment to the so-called "superfluous women." Their services are no longer required in the household, but they have found a means of self-support in the many vocations now open to them. In a recent number of the Forum Commissioner Carroll D. Wright states his conviction that the growing industrial independence of woman is slowly but surely working out her social and political equality. This is the brighter side of the picture, but there is much to de-

plore in the new conditions of woman's labor. The personal element that ennobled and dignified her former task is eliminated. The work under her fingers is not her own. It is not fashioned for husband or child. It contributes only indirectly in the form of wages to the comfort of her home. Moreover, the new conditions are far less human than the old. The crowded factory with its foul air, its deafening machinery, its ceaseless tax on muscles and nerves, stands in marked contrast to the old-time living-room where mother and daughters gathered about the family tasks. There is no room for the exercise of ingenuity and mother-wit in an occupation where the worker is merely assistant to a machine; the monotonous employment of the same muscles, often in an unnatural posture, is a serious menace to health; the instinct of womanly reserve is imperilled in the miscellaneous companionship of the shop. American women employed in the tailoring trade protest not so much against low wages and unwholesome work-rooms as against the foul and profane talk of the brutal foreigner who supervises the work or stitches at the same table.

Reviewing the good and evil results of this industrial revolution, we must conclude that they are unequally distributed. The housewives of the country have been emancipated from the heavier domestic tasks, but these same tasks are being performed under less wholesome conditions by three million women and girls. Women who have no responsibility for the bread and butter problem are set free from many of the household cares that engrossed the lives of our grandmothers. On the other hand, the women who must support themselves and their families have become the bond slaves of the factory or the sweater's shop.

The new conditions must be accepted as inevitable. The transition from the domestic to the factory system is not to be resisted. It is a phase of industrial evolution. Our part is to learn how to adjust ourselves to the situation, to minimize the evil results and to reap the full benefit of the good.

How shall we free ourselves from domestic fret and enjoy to the full the larger life to which we are called in this last decade of the nineteenth century? How shall we procure for the factory operatives something of the sweet and wholesome conditions that belonged to the household task?

The domestic service problem seems of chief importance to many women,

but what is the perplexity of the harassed mistress compared to that of the house-mother who spends her days in the factory? She leaves her home between six and seven in the morning, not to return to it until six at night. Breakfast is to be made ready, children dressed for the day, and luncheon provided before setting off to work. On her return the weary woman must prepare supper, get the children to bed, wash, and iron and mend. The family life is sordid and miserable. Baby is put out to nurse, the older children run in the street, husband and sons find home forlorn and spend their evenings in the saloon. Small wonder that the mother loses heart and hope, and gives over the attempt to "keep things tidy." Small wonder that the children born to such mothers are puny and underfed and die in infancy or enter upon life handicapped by weakness and disease.

Statistics show that this is no imaginary evil. The proportion of married women among the factory girls in New England is nearly twenty per cent. The infant mortality of factory towns in Massachusetts is three times as high as that of agricultural towns in the same state. If we add to the number of married women in factories the thousands of washwomen, and charwomen, saleswomen and dressmakers whose working hours are given at the expense of home comfort, we have such a sum of human misery as leads us to question the advantage of the industrial emancipation of women.

For the single woman who must earn her own living, the large industrial opportunities of to-day are an unmixed good, but to the married woman whose "men-folks" are thriftless or incompetent they are a real source of danger. They make it too easy for a man to fall back upon his wife when temporarily thrown out of work. If the occasional necessity becomes a habit, the home life is poisoned at its source. We may do something to mitigate this evil. Babies may be tended in day-nurseries and kindergartens, the out-of-school hours of the older children may be provided for in play-grounds and children's clubs. The mothers' club may do something to make up for neglected girlhood. Legislation may abridge working hours and improve the conditions of labor. But when all is done, we have not met the fundamental lack. We have not restored the home. We cannot do this till we have restored the mother to the home. Here is a problem that is not to be solved in a day. It is the saddest, darkest charge against the present industrial system.

KATHARINE COMAN.

THE NOVEL OF THE FUTURE.

WE have been taught that fools rush in where angels fear to tread, and yet we tiptoe up to that strange window which we call the future, boldly pull aside the mystic curtain, and peer long and earnestly, with poor dim eyes, into the clouds and darkness, to see what trace may there exist of the novel that is to be.

The epic may have the birthright of the eldest born, the drama may point proudly back to a royal ancestry, but the novel too has a pedigree right honorable, and an antiquity of which it need not be ashamed.

Away back in the fourth century A. D., Heliodorus penned his Greek romances, and in those weak and flabby things there lay imprisoned germs which sprang to life at the warm touch of the Renaissance, and stood forth in the shape of Boccaccio's polished tales; tales so new to the astonished world that they received the name of novels. So sturdy was this new form of literary life that it survived its hot-house nurture in the realms of fabulous adventure and sickly sentimentalism, and emerged a real friend in need to the satire of "Don Quixote," and "Gil Blas." Then it bided its time while the great drama ran a brilliant course, receiving at the end this drama's ebbing life-blood in veins which throbbed and tingled with the rich new gift. Fielding, Smollett — through them, indeed, the novel gained fire, reality, and quick onward movement — in brief, dramatic power, its life-element forever after. And yet with all its strength of limb and brain the novel was at best a crude, ungainly thing. Then stood forth the mighty Wizard of the North, touched it with his magic wand, and, presto, change! Behold agility and grace, a beauty of the present with a lustre of past radiance, and now at last we have the novel on the very threshold of real life.

Setting metaphors aside, let us make an earnest effort to discover something of the work accomplished in this century, and the tendencies which still survive, believing that in this way only can its future possibilities be determined.

The rapid onrush of the fiction which our nineteenth century has produced, though so apparently chaotic, has been quite steadily confined to certain lines, several of which have already reached a terminus, while for the others there remains a future to be more or less prolonged.

For clearness' sake we will divide our brief survey into the Nature and the Purpose of the Future Novel.

According to the first classification, the vast majority of novels find a comfortable resting-place in one of five divisions: —The Romantic Novel, The Novel of Manners, The Supernatural Novel, The Psychological Novel, and The Novel Realistic.

The Romantic Novel — delight of certain imaginative and susceptible young people — died with Kingsley, and was buried with Bulwer. Life had grown too intensely practical for the existence of Romance for Romance's sake.

The Novel of Manners had indeed illustrious supporters in Jane Austen, Thackeray, and Trollope, while upon George Meredith to-day the largest portion of their mantle has descended. Though we have "society novels" in cheap abundance, we still feel the critic's statement true, "That the generalizing eye, the penetrative humor, and the genial breadth of sympathy which is needed to portray the social pageant as a whole, appear to be gifts which are becoming rarer and rarer among us every day." It may be because these qualities are no longer present in a combination, or that their thrice blessed owners have betaken themselves to other portions of the field of labor.

The Supernatural Novel, which by introducing the mysterious appeals to the imagination, and thereby enthralls the reader, points proudly back to Scott and Charlotte Bronte, but its glory belongs only with the past, and the Psychological Novel has slipped into the vacant place.

This style of fiction appeals to the understanding, and its ambition is to perplex and enforce rather than to enthrall. What the critic said of George Eliot is in a measure true of all the novelist psychologists: "She creates character, she devises incident and situation, chiefly that she may have occasion for indulging that almost superhuman faculty which is hers, of laying bare to its ultimate microscopic secret, the anatomy of the living human consciousness in play." Hawthorne, too, was intensely psychological. Who can ever forget his vivid studies of heredity, the depths of anguish from some hidden guilt, or the soul development of such as Donatello? In Stevenson's weird story of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," in the wild, passionate Lyndall in Olive Schreiner's "African Farm," are manifested yet other

phases of this same tendency, and as we have no reason to believe the mines have been exhausted, we may safely leave their further exploration to the Novel of the Future.

Of all the varied styles of novel at the present day, the Realistic is the most in vogue. But there is Realism and Realism, and a chasm between. There is realism, that, in angry reaction from unreal, romantic fiction, promised to devote itself to writing rigidly just what it saw, and men "felt thankful to the novelist who had the courage to approach some of the great problems of existence, and to show human creatures as we know them around us, tried by the old passions, and quivering with the old pains." The world was glad indeed to welcome Balzac, Hugo, Daudet, Tolstoi, Tourgueneff, Ibsen — men not blind to her perplexities and open social sores. But how grievously her confidence was abused. It is not Realism to utterly ignore the noblest elements of humanity. It is not truth, it is not art, when life is shown all poor, all commonplace; when human existence is nothing but "a momentous sense of bafflement and pain"; when men and women are entirely of the earth earthy; when all ideals, nay, possibility of ideals have vanished in thin smoke; when, as in Tourgueneff's pictures, "the truth seems to deny beauty, and incites to despair." This is not art, it is not truth, and those who study indications say that when Zola and the members of his school resign their places, there will be no great minds as theirs to continue on such narrow lines.

And then there is a Realism that keeps its word, that, as Mr. Hardy phrases it, "portrays what is in terms of what should be instead of what cannot and should not be." This ideal realism, by no means as yet a much tilled soil, offers measureless opportunities to the Novel of the Future. Howell and James, the representatives of realism in American fiction, are really working toward this point, it would seem, but faintly do they shadow forth the glorious possibilities, when an English critic declares, and in so declaring voices quite a common sentiment, that he "would in either equinox, cross the Atlantic, to escape from some of their American heroines."

"Purpose" is a broad word, and to define the purpose of the Future Novel, we shall content ourselves with three broad classes, of that delightfully inclusive sort, which so facilitate amateur scientific investigation.

First, there is the Didactic Novel. Including many an anomaly judi-

ciously diluted for the juvenile comprehension, it carries the idea of sugar-coated pills into higher planes of intelligence, and transmits a varied assortment of knowledge botanical, zoological, geological, archæological, sociological, economical, political and religious, under thin disguise of the adventures of a pair of lovers, their enemies and friends. As might perhaps be imagined, this class of fiction, with a few exceptions where the lovers prove superior to their scientific environment, does not increase in popularity, and the didactic method is not pursued by the most artistic authors of to-day.

Second, there is the Novel of the Social Problem. When one considers the mighty wrongs of suffering humanity on the one hand, and on the other the "tremendous engine of influence" afforded by the popular novel, one reverences the wisdom of those who created "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Romona," "Looking Backward," and "All Sorts and Conditions of Men." True it is, that the magazine essay and newspaper paragraph offer ample opportunity for eager advocates of most new theories, and likewise we frankly admit that many of our sorely needed reforms, such as Biennial Legislature, The Fee and Salary System, Codification, Copyright, Civil Service Reform, Woman's Suffrage, and Restricted Immigration, would be troublesome to use in fiction. Nevertheless, so long as a great wrong exists to claim redress, so long as men's interest must be awakened, attention concentrated, and reflection forced, so long shall we receive The Novel of Reform, and even a rabid optimist must admit that at present showing The Novel of the Future has quite a chance along this line.

That the great majority of novels are written for the simple purpose of supplying the human craving for recreation and amusement is most true, essential and desirable. Men "thirst for a life scene and story not worn threadbare like their own." It is not strange, then, that four-fifths of the books taken from the shelves of public libraries, and nine-tenths of all books sold are fiction. "Thanks to the book," wrote Charles Dudley Warner, in a discussion of fiction, "which amuses, consoles, or inspires; which furnishes substance for thought and for conversation; which dispels the care and lightens the burdens of life; which is a friend when other friends fail, a companion when other intercourse wearies or is impossible, for a year, for a decade, for a generation, perhaps." Right glad we are that there is no pos-

sibility for decline along this line, for true it is that we cannot "follow the story of a great domineering passion, of an involved, hard beset life, of the growth of some fine moral trait," without being broader, stronger and better for the journey.

There are some intense pessimists who claim with a persistence that is really amusing, that the stock of all possible incidents and characters is well nigh exhausted, and that the Novel of the Future will perish by starvation. We would reply to all such croakers, that the coming novel will be, as the novel has always been, a representative of its age, which we should be grieved to consider a pale copy of the past; and that the endlessly varied beauty of human character is a field that has been as yet but superficially plowed, for "How few among cotemporary English and American novelists deign to charm us by a picture of a man or woman toward whom our hearts go out in a glow of admiring love?" "The momentous spiritual impulse" received from Maggie Tulliver, the solid comfort taken in John Ridd and Lorna Doone, the quiet confidence reposed in Draxy Miller and Armorel of Lyonesse, make us long for friendships to be made in the world of future fiction, "as real and true as many a visible connection in the world of fact."

These, then, we see in shadowy outline, the several lines along which the future novel promises development. Little, indeed, there lies in range of dim eyesight. Yet of one object we are certain — The Great American Novel, no longer a will-o'-the-wisp of literary endeavor. What Bret Harte did for California, Cable in Louisiana, Miss Murfree in Tennessee, Miss Wilkins in New England, Mark Twain on the Mississippi, and Mr. Howells for that "more highly civilized American at large," all this is united by one master effort, the ambition of American fiction is attained, and the Novel of the Future will not have lived in vain.

ALICE W. KELLOGG.

A NIGHT IN THE CATHEDRAL.

THE sweet-voiced choristers of heaven had long since sung the vespers; the nightingale and whip-poor-will had sadly made their confessions; and the humble willows had crossed themselves with holy water until they had fallen asleep. The crescent censer was swinging low; all voices were

hnshed; roses and lilies exhaled a fragrance like unto the prayers of saints; overhead, in solemn beauty, gleamed countless starry tapers; before the altar of the great cathedral silence knelt alone.

Down a winding stair, at the end of a narrow corridor, was an isolated cell. A single flickering candle lighted the rude apartment and disclosed its meagre furnishings. On one side of the room was a pallet of straw. On a hearth of brick glowed the embers of a once bright fire. On the bare table stood an hour-glass, a crucifix and a well-burnt candle. The walls of the room were lined with shelves filled with parchments, many of them stained with age and all of them securely sealed. Beside the table sat the sole occupant of this curious chamber — an old, old man. He wore a cloak of sombre gray; over his stooping shoulders fell long white locks; his snowy beard reached to his knees. With one trembling hand he supported his head, and in the other hand he held an open roll of parchment. He sat gazing fixedly at the roll, and as he gazed, he muttered, "Late, late, so late, but I have tried ever to do faithfully the work committed to me, and here is a strict account. Mine not to command but only to record. Entering my labors with smiles, hoping to write naught but pleasant tales of happiness and prosperity, the spread of truth and the growth of the kingdom of righteousness, I have met with many disappointments. "Men have drunk the very dregs of wickedness. Poverty has feasted on the souls of women. Princes have stooped their crowned heads to grovel in the dust of degradation. Here are wars and rumors of wars. Disease and famine have devastated the land. Death, ha! Death has gathered the fair, the good, and the great with ruthless hand, — but the end is not yet.

"These are permitted to be reviewed; but here and here are portions sealed, — individual accounts with human hearts. Here are written the joys, sorrows, triumphs, defeats, victories of every one, not to be revealed until the judgment of God. "Yet not all is discouraging. Nay, there have been deeds worthy, pure and true, and generous hearts still live. And," he gasped, "it may be, who can tell, that by and by some shall look back and bless this year for bringing into existence strong and heroic lives. Ah me," he reeled, "God grant it is not all—in vain—that—I—have — "

The hour-glass was run out; the embers were ashes; the candle was extinguished; the Old Year was dead. Night put on her sablest robes, with a sweep of her trailing garments extinguishing the lights of heaven. The sobbing winds sang dirges; the tall trees sighed and moaned; "and the hooded clouds like friars told their beads in drops of rain."

"The King is dead: long live the King." So it is ever. While all was mourning, darkness and grief, a new soul came into being; a new taper was lighted. But the flame of the candle was faint, and for a time made no apparent difference in the awful gloom of the universe, and the infant was asleep. At last Dawn, in her rosy beauty, came and softly touched the baby's hand. Sweet was the awakening. The child rose with a smile of glory, and while the feathered choir burst forth in joyous matins, received its baptism in the dew of morn, and kneeling awaited the blessed kiss of the sun. God bless thee, fair New Year; may it be thy happy task to record triumph of light and truth over the powers of darkness and sin.

MARY E. DILLINGHAM.

AT SUNSET.

The sun sinks down behind the firs,
The soft clouds hang beneath the sky,
All gray and pink, like fairest pearls,
That in far beds of Orient lie.

The distant hill-top glows with gold,
Within the valley shadows stray,
A sky all pink; a story told;
A blush where late a warm kiss lay.

EDITH E. TUXBURY.

THEMES.

"The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can,
Hanging so light, and hanging so high."

One Sunday afternoon I spied it, on a clothes-line, at the back of a tenement-house, "dancing and fluttering in the breeze" of a cold November day.

It stood out from those common bricks almost like a bit of fine porcelain — this little, red gingham slip of some innocent child.

It hung high, not so high but that you might see the patches, the rents, and the bit of torn lace about the neck.

Little Slip, I am glad I saw you!

"SHE."

Her head, shoulders, and hips made a right angle with her legs when she stood as erect as she could. Her neck and head made a right angle with her back, when she tried to look a body in the face.

Her mouth was a mere slit, and at long range made two right angles with a high, narrow nose.

A grin showed teeth that for evenness and color looked like an asparagus bed.

Over the eyes, wilted malaga grapes, set in skin,—dried orange peel; the hair fell like Florida moss.

"ON THE HEIGHTS."

We were monarchs of the peak that wild and stormy night. The tree-bending winds howled and moaned in the mountain-firs.

Great, undulating billows of mist rolled heavily along the valley below, driven fast and far by the whirlwinds.

In their troughs we saw the lights of the little village deep down, like reflections of stars in surging waters, now seen, now lost.

The moon, in a haze-nimbus like a great dove's eye, poured her gray fire upon peak and valley of mist.

MY HILLSIDE AND MY TREE.

It is a hillside covered with long, living, green grass, that waves, and sways softly and gently beneath the tender breeze; it is a hillside the yellow bees and golden butterflies love for its own dear freshness.

A spirit, rare, calm and stately, shades the heart of the hillside—a tall, heaven-reaching pine! The fallen needles pile themselves up, year after year, to be near, to nurture the great mother who bore them.

The tree stands there, a sage, the embodiment of a consciousness higher, grander than man's.

The pine would pity could it know

"The weariness, the fever and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan."

EMILY HOWARD FOLEY.

A Walnut Lady.

Miss Crump looks as shrivelled and dry as a nut, to those who do not know her; but to her friends her bright little ways and sparkling eyes suggest rather the squirrel. Her head is smooth and round, and shaped like a walnut. Her face is brown and covered with little wrinkles, so that it resembles the texture of a nut-shell. The thin, brown hair, lying flat on each side of the forehead, is like that painted on walnut dolls. All her face seems to be gathered together and to culminate in the small, sharp nose, from which the chin retreats, until quite indistinguishable from the throat. The muslin cap and kerchief, which Miss Crump always wears, are exact reproductions of those worn by my first walnut doll.

S. D. Huntington.

The Legend of Anita.

"Mother, may I not run out of doors in this brisk wind to dry my hair?"

"Certainly not, my daughter. Is it possible that you have not heard of the fate of the fair Anita? She was a beautiful maiden with long golden hair. One day, after washing it, she ran out on the sunny hill-tops, saying that she would come back when the sun and wind had kissed the tears from her tresses. But she never returned, my daughter. She wandered up and down, farther and farther from home, till her body vanished from exhaustion, and nothing but her fine, silky hair was left. And even to-day, when the wind blows strong, you see her hair floating over the fields of grass, but the maiden herself has never been seen. So mothers never let their daughters run in the open air to dry their hair."

Migdu had sinned, and the punishment was determined. Far down in a cave was he placed, and past his head whirred constantly a leathern belt, which ran over great pulleys. Here he was left quite alone, and his only possession was a pin. Absentmindedly he pinned it to his coat, and cared not what became of it. But in the early dawn a vision came to him, and he was bidden make his own release by pricking a way through the leathern belt.

"Of what use is a little pin?" and Migdu curled his lip scornfully at his only tool.

"How can I stay here, and yet how can I perform the task?" and Migdu bowed his head hopelessly.

"What care and patience I should need!" and Migdu sighed sorrowfully.

"It will be joy to be free!" and Migdu seized the despised pin.

Patiently he sat by the whirring belt; earnestly he attended to each revolution; and carefully he placed the pricks each time in the same line.

Faster and faster speeds the belt over the great pulleys till — crack, the leather has parted, and Migdu is free. He dwells no more in the darksome cave, over open fields he wanders; and near his heart he cherishes the now prized pin.

GRACE E. GRENELL.

FULNESS OF LIFE.

The orange tree that shades my window is glorious in fulness of life. It stands tall and straight with its slender branches, symmetrically grouped, reaching upward and outward in strong and graceful curves. Among the dark leaves are clusters of ripened fruit, burning in intensity of being. Almost hidden in the mass of foliage, hangs fruit not long since separated from the fostering flower-petals. Although it is time of fruitage, many blossoms yet remain — fair princesses that at the whisper of the wooing wind fling down their maiden crowns of gold and, sighing fragrance, speed away. Above them, where the young leaves glisten in the summer sun, are buds — frail prophets, baby seers of progress infinite.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

"At last, at last I can leave the old tree and go out into the world as far as the wind may carry me. But what then? No one will notice me among the myriad leaves that blow. Can I thus serve the good of the universe? Ah, no, I will not ask the wind to bear me away. I will cease to preserve my individuality. I will consecrate myself to the good of the whole. What a little thing it is to be a leaf! Let me rather yield myself to the elements and become part of air, of earth, of plant, of man."

Thus spoke the oak leaf as it sprang from the hold of the tree. The warm earth opened her bosom to welcome it; the sun smiled approval.

The wind hastening out to sea murmured, "Commonplace."

The early winter dusk was fast settling down on the field. As I hastened homeward, I met two little people, probably six and eight years of age.

"Isn't it rather cold and dark for you to be out alone?" I asked.

"No," was the hesitant reply of the little girl. She gathered her brown circular closer about her, however, and gave me a timid look from under her broad-brimmed hat.

"Yes," in the same instant promptly answered her brother. With an apparent pride of life he shoved his small hands into his smaller pockets, drew in his chin, and quickened his boyish strides.

MARY E. DILLINGHAM.

NORSE FICTION.

THE extent to which literary activity has spread in the Norseland is even greater than we at first suppose, and in prose fiction, especially, is the list of prominent names a long one.

Although I am not quite ready to agree with the people who think the world a very small place, I am willing to admit that it is small enough to make us ashamed of our ignorance of some intensely fascinating portions of it. Scandinavia has long been a sealed book to the rest of the world, because so few people have had the curiosity to look within the cover and see the wonders contained in its pages. This far away land, almost surrounded by the waters of a northern ocean, with scanty resources and an inhospitable climate, is the fatherland of a people that has been too long unknown to contemporary nations. The reason for this is not hard to find. It is almost entirely the fault of circumstance — that enormous factor in all life. Geographical circumstance, commercial circumstance, linguistic circumstance, have hitherto restricted the relations of Scandinavia with her sister nations. Shut in by the waters of that northern ocean whose tempests only Norsemen dared withstand; hindered from international commerce because of scanty resources; lacking the moneyed wealth that can overbalance these deficiencies; Scandinavia has offered little to satisfy the curiosity of the world around her. Add to these difficulties the almost insurmountable one of language — unlike any other, and spoken by so few people that it has absolutely no marketable value — and you can easily

understand how the world has calmly passed by on the other side of all things Scandinavian.

Men decry the modern craving for things new and strange, and cast reproach, perhaps justly, upon the unnatural curiosity of our age. Fortunately, there is never an evil without its accompanying good, and the present instance is a case in point. To-day, certain men, endowed with this, so-called, fatal curiosity, are turning their minds and pens toward the land of the midnight sun, and finding that the attempt to show Scandinavian literature to the world is a most profitable occupation, for, in qualities of thought and of style, Scandinavian literature merits a place among the best literatures that the ages have produced.

Fiction, in the sense here used, includes only the latest developments in literature, namely, the novel and the short story. We shall see that Scandinavia's sons and daughters have done well in both. Amid the galaxy of names from which we may choose representatives, we are impressed with the wonderful versatility of the Norseman. In one man are developed to a remarkable degree not only the qualities which make the successful novelist, but also those attributes which belong to poet, philosopher, essayist, historian, scientist and statesman — rarely do we find a name whose owner is only poet or only essayist.

The Scandinavian novel first appeared in Sweden about the middle of the eighteenth century, and the writer's name was Jacob Henrik Mörk. His work is compared with that of Richardson, the father of the English novel. The fact that each is the pioneer in his own country has perhaps done more to establish the resemblance than any essential likeness in the works. Each man wrote long novels, slow in evolution and full of homilies on morality; but, when this has been said, all points of similarity have been enumerated: the points of difference are far more numerous. In literary style the two men are extremely dissimilar. Richardson's style is commendable in that it was the first of its kind, and not because it has inherent merit. Mörk's, on the contrary, sustains comparison with later writings, and possesses the qualities of clearness and exquisite delicacy. Richardson enjoys the unenviable distinction of being called the anatomist of vice. Mörk did not emphasize the darker side of life, although his novels show that he had thorough knowledge of all phases of human nature.

Such were the beginnings of the Scandinavian novel; its continuance was almost a matter of course, and although the number of novelists at any one time has not been large, each one writes many books and preserves a high literary standard.

As in English fiction, so in Scandinavian, a woman's name stands high among the earliest novelists. The Countess Gyllembourg in Denmark and Jane Austen in England offer many points of similarity. Each one excelled in keenness of wit, in knowledge of life; each possessed an almost faultless style — and these qualities make the novels of both women masterpieces of their kind. The Countess Gyllembourg, unlike Miss Austen, went beyond her own immediate neighborhood for the material of her stories, and, as a result, was enabled, in common with almost all Scandinavian writers, to endow her writings with an interest which is not distinctively Scandinavian, but distinctly human, and therefore universal.

One man, however, a Jutlander, and a novelist of decided merit, Steen Steenson Blicher, stands out as markedly Scandinavian in all his work. Everything he wrote is tinged with the sombreness, sternness and coldness of his native land. He was a rigid realist at a time when all others were romanticists, — but his harsher qualities are mellowed and made additionally effective by the beauty of his style and the elegance of his diction. Nature and popular life are his favorite themes, and he has used the brush of the great master-painter in picturing what he best knows and loves.

During this earlier time several women, most of them noble dames, wrote novels, but their works have not been translated, and report, not knowledge at first hand, tells us all that we know of them.

Bernhard Severin Ingemann is the next great name in fiction. To him Denmark owes her first knowledge of the historical novel. He had fallen under the spell of Sir Walter Scott, and the author of Waverly certainly influenced his style. "Waldemar, the Conqueror," is, perhaps, his finest novel. The greater part of the plot follows the course of history, but the climax is very romantic, and resembles the fairy stories we read in childhood, where all rings merry as a marriage bell, and historical accuracy is unknown. The opening chapter of this novel gives a description of Saxo Grammaticus in his study, and is so like many of Scott's first pages that if it were not for occasional Norse names we might ascribe its authorship to

Scott. (Extract.) This representative novel may serve in one respect to illustrate a characteristic of all of Ingemann's novels — in parts it is extremely monotonous, and, often, where we expect a climax we meet with disappointment — all is at a level. This is directly attributable to Ingemann's temperament. The man was so mild and unimpassioned that violent expression of any sort was extremely distasteful to him.

Gustaf Vilhelm Gumælius, a name familiar to many of us, also followed the pattern set by Scott, but his work was so patently imitative that his nickname of "The Swedish Walter Scott" may be said, in passing, to suit his aim rather than his attainment. His activity was prolific, but his reputation is that of the imitator — not of the creative genius.

Another name in the list of Sweden's great novelists demands notice. Karl Jason Ludvig Almqvist is perhaps the most remarkable man in all literature. His personal character was extraordinary, and his career embraced every sort of experience. He was pre-eminently a novelist, although his talent dealt with every variety of literature: the subject mattered little — whatever his theme, it was presented faultlessly, and with a delicacy of treatment that has never been surpassed. His romances are undoubtedly the best in Swedish literature, and it is to be regretted that there is as yet no English translation of them. Almqvist's first novel, the "Book of the Thorn-Rose," made him suddenly famous, and, like most men exposed to popular enthusiasm, he could not withstand the flattery of his admirers — his downward course soon became evident. He was convicted of forgery and murder and fled the country, escaping to America, where, for a time, he was secretary to Abraham Lincoln. Sought out by American justice, he again escaped punishment, and fled to Europe, where in a remote and lonely corner of that continent he died as an outcast and an exile.

Johannes Carsten Hauch is a very prominent name in Danish literature. Hauch possessed those graces of style that are the property of all Norsemen, but, in addition, he excelled in the psychological delineation of character — thus approaching the extremely modern spirit in novel-writing. Hauch was a poet in spirit, and his prose is full of music. He is avowedly a member of the romantic school of fiction; the general character of his writing is earnest and moral and the dark side of life is wholly ignored.

With the foregoing inadequate treatment of an immense subject, we leave

the men who belong to the generation that has passed away and draw near to the men of to-day. The change is from unfamiliar to familiar ground: Björnsen, Boyesen, Jansen, Kielland, Strindberg, and Rydberg are the greatest names we meet. Ibsen's lack of success in novel-writing excludes him from the present discussion, although in the consideration of dramatic literature his name of course stands pre-eminent.

Of the six great names presented, I shall consider but three — Björnsen, Boyesen, and Kielland. All of these men have been translated into English, and, although all are charming, they have their degrees of fascination, and possess distinct individuality, Boyesen, as an American, is well-known to us all, and his novels, written entirely in English, are accessible to readers everywhere. As a rule, Boyesen's prefaces have more in them than his novels — they are full of penetration, sympathy, and, when he touches upon character, philosophical insight. The charm of his novels lies in the matter rather than in the treatment. They lack climax, and are extremely inartistic. It is to be regretted that this Scandinavian graft upon American civilization does so much less credit to the parent stock than those wholly Norwegian contemporaries, Björnsen and Kielland.

Bjornsen far surpasses Boyesen in artistic power. He is a master of chaste and elegant diction, and the prominent characteristic of his style is simplicity. Even French art can claim no greater perfection than is found in "Arne," and "Synnöve Solbakken." These tales of peasant life first drew Björnsen within the circle of fame, and his popularity has steadily increased. Without going into any detailed analysis, for which there is neither time nor space, the prominent literary qualities in Björnsen's writing are: unerring sympathy in the interpretation of nature and human character, and the artistic expression of it through the channels indicated above.

Kielland takes us into still another atmosphere. He is the youngest Norwegian writer of prominence, and his place is among the greatest men of his time. He brings the note of questioning and doubt into the literature of his country; he deals with great problems — social, religious, psychical — and his field of action is, in consequence, more extended than that of the preceding novelists. Kielland has perfected the Scandinavian short-story; he has impressed its nationality upon it, but with a sympathy that is world wide and deep as humanity.

Can any race lay claim to greater genius than the people of Scandinavia? A nation less in number than the dwellers in London has given birth to literary artists whom the world delights to honor. The fertilizing thought of other lands has nourished the seed that so long lay dormant in the intellectual soil of Scandinavia, and the world to-day gazes in wonder and admiration upon the sturdy growth that has resulted. All honor to Scandinavia's great army of thinkers and writers; and, above all, to those whose privilege it is to hold the mirror up to human nature and help earth's sons and daughters to higher planes of thought and action! All hail to the makers of Northern Fiction!

M. G. McCaulley.

THE DARK.

Without, in the dark of the night,
There's a murmur and whisper of leaves
That rustle and jostle;
A murmur and whisper of leaves;
Soft sounds sighing out in the night.
I look out through the dark, and see — nothing.

Within, in the dark of my soul,
There's a murmur and whisper of thoughts
That rustle and jostle;
A murmur and whisper of thoughts;
Soft sighs sobbing out in my soul.
I look in through the dark, and see — nothing.

Florence Converse.

SKETCHES INVOLVING PROBLEMS. — A SETTLEMENT STUDY.

Apologia.

THESE sketches do not claim to be philosophical nor scientific. They are neither literary nor artistic. They have neither form nor polish. Their only excuse for being is that they are "studies from life." Perhaps the rags and lack of manners of the originals may in part account and atone for the form and manner in which they are presented.

Introductory.

A long room. At either end windows reaching to the floor, through which struggle as many "gleams of departing day" as can pierce the outer smoky atmosphere. Three kindergarten tables and some fifty small chairs

decorate the floor. Pictures which show refinement, taste, travel, culture, look down from the walls upon a swarm of eager, active, vehement children, whose more or less ragged and extremely dirty garments are supplemented by still grimier hands and faces. Before one has had time to analyze the rich complexions, the flashing black eyes, the vivacity of movement and expression, the fact becomes self-evident that here is a portion of that lesser Italy which bids fair, in some of our cities, to make a greater Italy. They are supposed to be sewing on aprons — *once* white — "aprons for their mothers for Christmas." At this moment they are comparatively quiet. The four or five "assistant workers" are trying in vain to supply all the demands incident to the frequent cries of "Teacher, teacher." There is actually no child banging upon the piano in the alcove, while a teacher's back is turned. The majority who have not been persuaded to put their outside wraps on the hooks in the hall provided for that purpose are sitting on them, or else, like Theresa, whose wrap consists of a shawl tied over her head, with firm decision continue to wear them. (The reason why will appear later.)

Yes, quiet reigns after the introductory pandemonium. Only Graziella, the irrepressible and the irresistible, is sliding up and down the floor. To be sure, they are all singing, but — the Muses be thanked — this time it is not Annie Rooney, but a Christmas song learned at Public School. One of the children has just cuffed another girl off her seat. Another is swearing at a teacher, because — it would be a little hard for one of cooler Northern blood to say. One wonders a little about "the good-will to men," but in view of the ten minutes just preceding, "the peace on earth" is more manifest.

Rocca.

Rocca — pronounced Rockie — but, oh, the scorn for it and you if spelled that way, Rocca is Naples personified. Sturdy always, sullen and sulky in tempestuous bursts, with an atmosphere which is suggestive of a slumbering volcano. Brilliantly beautiful. Coal black hair; reddest of cheeks and lips; richest of complexions. Lustrous black eyes — such eyes — with a flash as of a stiletto, when her wish is frustrated. Will not by any device or persuasion be induced to say "please." The general position assumed is analagous to that sometimes displayed by one of those most diminutive

beasts of burden seen in southern Italy, which occasionally refuses — absolutely and unmistakably — to go. You don't much blame him when you remember that his burden is often so great that only the tips of his long ears and the end of his tail are visible. In consideration of the intolerable burdens under which the majority of the diminutive animal's neighboring fellow-creatures are sunk, it is a relief to the spirit of humanity to find the spirit of revolt in this small American representative. Picture rebellious, beautiful Rocca, with gleaming eye and darkened brow, putting on her things to go home, because "My ma wouldn't wear such an apron — it's too small." "Teacher" gazes meditatively at the unusually big apron before her and wonders if Rocca's mother is the "fat lady" at the Dime Museum down the street, and then remembers that it is on exactly the same principle that the Neapolitan cab driver flings upon the pavement the unusually large fee you have given him and swears he will have none of it. As you walk off he picks it up and drives away complacently. That is what happened to Rocca. Yes, beyond a doubt, viewed in whatever aspect, Rocca is Naples personified.

Cudjie Ewing.

Cudjie her name probably is; Ewing you know it is not, but she does live on Ewing street. Her age is four or thereabouts. Her size, diminutive as to height, as to width inclined to rotundity. Her clothing too small for her size, so that when attired for the street her arms maintain a position of rigidity at an angle of forty-five degrees from her body. Her face is bright, not with soap and water, but with good-nature. Her answer is always a smile. The other girls have told you that she "can't speak any English." It has taken her half an hour to place four stitches with great painstaking and pride. She wishes each stitch to be approved. You approve the stitches, but gaze with dismay at the black spot all round about. You consult the other children and learn how to say in Italian, "You must wash your hands." Cudjie smiles and nods, while "the girl who lives in the same house" volunteers the information that "the pump in the back yard is frozen up and there ain't no water to wash wid." "Teacher" reflects some more. Her reflections are interrupted by a loud and distinct "Teacher, please tib me some t'read." Marvel of marvels! It is Cudjie's voice. Cudjie, who "can't speak any English." Her roguish look of delight at your surprise

makes you long to take her up in your arms. She is one of the babes who "was made to be cuddled." Some way her name suggests it — wee Cudjie!

Magdalena.

Magdalena isn't round at all. In fact, she is very thin. Her arms don't maintain angles when her outside garments are put on, for the very good and simple reason that she hasn't any to put on. She isn't pretty, or bright looking. Her eyes are small, and if put on the witness stand you would not venture to give their color. She *looks* stupid, supremely stupid. You wouldn't think she had an idea in her head, but what her small head cannot conceive in the way of mischief is not worth speaking of, and what time her small tongue ceases to wag must be only when she is in the land of dreams. It is Magdalena who has the especial affinity for pounding on the piano, for shoving a line of chairs up and down the room at the rate of Nancy Hanks. But chief of all her delights is when comes "Children, it is time to go home." None of them have an inclination in that direction. It takes much persuasion — nay, decision — to effect the "Good-night." You no sooner see them safely out of one door than they walk back through another. It is a more elaborate process than the game of a few years ago, "Pigs in Clover." Magdalena surpasses them all in the ingenuities of reappearance. You heave a sigh of relief as the door closes on the last child, but an ominous rustle from behind a door leads to an investigation. There is a wild shout of triumph from Magdalena and she slips past your expectant fingers to race up and down the hall until, with a saucy look, she disappears into the cold and darkness without.

Mary.

Mary — one of the numerous Marys — Columbo, perhaps, is one of the comparatively quiet species, now that we have just discussed Magdalena. It gives your heart a pang to see that her cheeks are not as round and rosy as they once were. She used to know how she looked, for, once upon a time, she gazed long at a pretty assistant worker, and then burst out with, "Teacher, you look like me, don't you?" With the same ingenuousness, she informs you that "Ma says that I needn't bother to sew that apron nice, 'cause she'll rip it out and sew it on the machine when she gets it home." Mary is going to Italy to take care of her grandmother, and she can talk of

little else. "The sun shines in Italy, doesn't it, teacher, and it's warm there, isn't it?" To which you give a hearty "Yes," with a lingering wonder as to how the Italian can live in this land so different from his sunny own, and with more than a wonder when you remember how the Italian lives in one of our great American cities. But Mary, in spite of pale cheeks and lack of warmth and sunshine, sings always. A sweet voice it is, as, on this afternoon, it tells of the angels and shepherds of the Christmas long ago. It somehow makes you remember that in that same land from which she came there was once a painter who bore the name Angelico, and who painted angels as never before or since. And with the memories of this one come others of "the lily of the Arno," the prophet reformer of San Marco, the exile poet who sang Paradiso.

A Frequent Occurrence.

I.

The time of home-going has come. The sound of loud lamentation is heard from the hall where the cloaks and hoods are hung. A disconsolate little figure is sobbing with all the abandonment of her passionate nature that "Some one has stolen my hat." All the children except two or three "special friends," who form a sympathetic Greek chorus, are ushered out of the door, while the "assistant workers" ransack the premises. Inevitably no missing hat appears. They offer consolation in various ways. The sobs grow louder and more violent and cease not for one minute.

II.

The "Head Lady" appears upon the scene. She takes the disconsolate little mortal upon her lap. She folds her in her arms. A face always alight with human love and sympathy bends over the tear-stained one below her. The sobs cease. All is quiet. The "assistant workers," whose gloves, overshoes and mufflers, not to speak of thimbles, needles and thread, have vanished into the same limbo whence has gone the hat, stand about quiet too. Do you wonder? The door swings open with a bang. Giovanni, the big brother, aged nine, rushes in unceremoniously to take his sister home. The "Head Lady" explains the cause of the scene. A substitute for the hat is found, with the promise of a future call, and the woe-begone maiden departs comforted.

In Conclusion.

A crowded cable car, in which the darkness is made visible through the medium of two smoky kerosene lamps. An "assistant worker" sits lost in thought — unmindful of all around her. Her morning's reading in Mr. Symonds' Renaissance of Italy, with Machiavelli, Alexander VI. and the Borgias forms a background not unsuitable, perhaps, to the foreground of the afternoon. No wonder they lie and steal, she says to herself. She meditates upon the perniciousness of free aprons, etc., and then wonders how otherwise the children can be reached and held. The mothers must see some gain in sending them or else it would be more profitable to keep them at home to pull bastings and sew buttons for sweaters. Query — are we doing more harm than good? The more the thought, the more the tangle. Municipal government, tenement house inspection and regulation, ready-made clothing, immigration, naturalization laws all swarm one upon another in seemingly hopeless confusion. There is a jerk, a sudden halt. Some one remarks that "the cable is stuck." An "assistant worker" looks at her watch, reflects that there is to be company to dinner, and performs mathematical problems as to the amount of time that will be necessary to indulge in the very necessary ablutions and to don another gown. The gentlemen go out to see "how things are getting on." A squeaky accordion sounds upon the air. A small maiden, stiff with cold, stumbles into the car. She sings a few lines in a cracked, hard voice, while, on the platform, the brother with the accordion keeps an eye out for the conductor. She tries to dance with her poor, numb feet, makes a dash around the car with her tambourine, with a pleading, "Please, give me sometin', and finally beats a hasty retreat as the cable comes to terms and the conductor and absent gentlemen appear. The problems are not lessened by this episode. Oh, why? Oh, how?

And yet, after all, as the street lamps flicker across the freshly fallen snow and the clear, cold air comes against her cheeks, the song of the child returns. It isn't such a hopeless tangle. There must be a way out. The "peace on earth, good will towards men" *is* growing larger as the years go on.

Caroline L. Williamson.

Editorial.

CONSIDERED from a literary point of view the most noticeable characteristic of the Wellesley student is her placidness. We say from a literary point of view, since it is from this standpoint alone that we, as a literary magazine, may presume to assert legitimate opinions.

We are well aware that the Wellesley student is not accustomed to think of herself as placid. With regard to politics she can be most vigorous, and at political rallies she has been known to become positively rampant. In connection with her class her activity is almost alarming, for with Senior Day as an incentive, she is capable of doing without food or sleep in order to accomplish her ends. As a member of a society her capacity for keeping secrets and her ardor in attending committee meetings and working in between whiles is almost unlimited. But considered from a literary point of view she is placid; placid to heights of somnolence.

If anything could have been supposed to arouse the Wellesley student from her literary apathy it must have been the recent changes accomplished in the English Department of the college. New courses, new methods, new instructors! Wellesley cannot plead lack of efficient literary training for her students. The energy generated by the combined efforts of the departments of literature and English ought ere this to have kindled a bonfire of enthusiasm and activity; but the Wellesley student is evidently not good fuel for a literary bonfire, she doesn't burn well; she only smokes and hisses a little, and then goes out sleepily.

At the beginning of last term a gentle, lady-like enthusiasm might have been detected in the tone of the student as she told of her new courses. And when the day of reckoning came, in spite of the shock which must be inevitable when one discovers that one's literary efforts are, to say the least, ordinary, she said she liked it, and listened to criticism with an impersonal appreciation which on other occasions might have been most gratifying. In her keen enjoyment of the wit and sarcasm of her instructor the personal flavor of the discourse was for the most part lost upon her.

It is one thing to possess delicate appreciation of wit and sarcasm; it is one thing to possess a gentle and forgiving disposition; it would seem that it is quite another thing to possess a sensitiveness to literary criticism.

When some one tells us that we appear to be totally lacking in originality, and that even when we have ideas our expression of them is commonplace, are we to remain unmoved. We work hard, no one attempts to deny that, but is it not humilitating to be told that we cram ourselves with facts to the verge of mental indigestion and then sit like Pickwick's fat boy, enveloped in a torpor of speech and of thought. The originality of the Wellesley student makes itself apparent day after day in action, why not in her written work. It is not true that we have no opinions of our own. But it remains yet to be proven in black and white.

AMONG incentives to activity, the good opinion of the community has always ranked high, and deservedly, since public sentiment represents the conscience and intellect of the age, and, being of too general a nature to involve personal interests, is also on the whole to be considered honest. It is true that philosophers profess to scorn public opinion, declaring it of necessity in the wrong; but even philosophers have not always been proof against its potency, and of common men we may safely affirm that no other influence, unless of individual conscience, has ever told upon them so forcibly. Statesmen and agitators long ago realized this immense power lodged in the general public, and while they bent their knees before crowned heads, they turned their wits to devising means for winning over popular sentiment. Reformers discharged their pistols at royalty, but their cannon they fired on society in general. Indeed, public opinion is so great a force that if it be turned in a wrong direction, Right may wring her hands in helpless impotence behind its back; if it be corrupt purity must perish; if it be gone over to flattery and servility, heroic endeavor is likely to die of suffocation.

Wherever a community of any kind exists, a general public sentiment follows as a matter of course. Here at Wellesley we are under the influence both of the views of general society, finding expression through our home friends and acquaintances, and of college sentiment, holding sway within the college fence. The latter, though narrower in its range, has probably a much stronger effect upon our daily actions and tendencies. This effect may last only during the period of our college course, or it may stretch out indefinitely over our future lives. In any case, it is important. Every

student entering college feels its influence when she wishes more or less consciously for the good will and good opinion of her fellow students. She feels it when she adopts a principle or forms an opinion. She may not always think in harmony with it, but she is not likely to act strongly in opposition. Further, if she have any ambition, she will probably find no more powerful incentive to energetic work than the hope of gaining the admiration of the other college girls. Indeed, a healthy ambition often takes its rise from some favorable criticism on the part of the college at large. Young girls come to college with no definite purpose in life, and with little realization of their own powers. Their conscious self-development, their determination to make the most of themselves, begins when their fellow-students find them out and urge them on. All this shows the great strength vested in general college criticism, and the absolute necessity of keeping it pure and vigorous, if we would have college life produce its best results.

We believe that Wellesley students' criticism of one another is in tone and character something of which we may be proud. It is frank, generous, enthusiastic, totally free from jealousy, and devoid of selfishness. It is a direct contradiction of that foundationless old statement that women cannot think well of one another. But it has two important defects. It shows lack of discrimination and of energy. The first fault is the result of carrying a virtue too far, so that because we like to give pleasure and say complimentary things to one another, we fall into the mistake of invariably praising work whether it seems noticeably good or not, and of clothing what should be very moderate approval in extravagant language. Thus, of course, compliments defeat their own ends, and pleasant little words of admiration come to mean, here at college, no more than the courteous prevarications that of necessity pass current in general society. Now the Wellesley Magazine does not advocate the establishment of a mutual fault-finding association or anything of the kind; we believe that however wholesome adverse criticism may be, it is for the most part impracticable and undesirable between fellow-workers. But at the same time, there must be a possibility of so regulating our praises of one another by the standard of honesty that spoken admiration may truly give pleasure, carry weight and furnish a powerful incentive.

The second defect—lack of energy—show sitself in our distribution of class and society offices and honors. When we happen upon a girl capable of doing well a certain kind of work, we hail her with delight, set her apart as the recipient of honors upon all future occasions, and do not so much as ask whether there may not be some one quite as worthy among those whom chance has never brought to our notice. In other words, we pile too many duties and privileges upon one individual. We narrow too much the executive circle. This shows want of vigor, want of keenness and alertness, want of breadth. It is in every way injurious. It prevents the advancement of those possibly entirely fitted, depriving them not only of pleasure, but also of profitable experience. It overburdens those whose hands are already full, and tends to lower the standard of their work. But, most serious of all, it narrows and so lowers the character of class and college, it blinds the body of students to their full aggregate powers, it interferes with the most complete individualization of work. A little more care in investigating each girl's capabilities, a little less leaving of the matter to chance and to the interest of friends would obviate the whole difficulty. We do not believe that the trouble comes through any conscious disposition to favoritism, cliques, or selfishness. Such a suggestion is totally at variance with the character of Wellesley students. We do think it is due to our hurried lives, to thoughtlessness, and to indolence, and that it calls for immediate remedy.

With the removal of these two defects, a criticism that in its friendliness tends toward flattery, and a disposition to confine college preferments within too narrow a circle, we believe that college sentiment, already powerful for good, would become one of the most beneficial influences of the course.

ON returning to college after the Christmas holidays we are confronted at once by the mid-year examinations. Alma Mater now offers her daughters an opportunity to show by their feats of prowess the strength and agility developed by months of mental training. The "mid-years" are the culmination of a semester's work, and, to a certain degree they exhibit the results of a semester's work. In general, the life of a student can be read in her examination papers. The studious and the frivolous; the thorough

and the superficial; the conscientious and the careless; each answers the summons in her own way — the way she has been pursuing for four months past. Not only the way of her studies, but also the way of her recreations; not only the way of her life at college, but also the way of her life during the three weeks of vacation immediately preceding the examinations. The results of examinations depend almost as much on the physical as on the mental health of the student, only attainable by a just proportion of study and play through the whole year. Three weeks of rest are scarcely enough to repair the harm done by three months of close application to study without regard to proper exercise and fresh air, though when the mischief has not gone too far an evanescent freshness may be gained in that time somewhat in the manner in which knowledge, equally fleeting, is "crammed" at the last moment by the procrastinating student. On the other hand three weeks of injudicious gayety are enough to unfit almost any girl for the thoughtful and serious work expected before and during examination time, even if her life at college has been carefully regulated. The holidays should not make a complete break in the college life of the student; they should mean merely that, for a while, sensible, healthful pleasures are to usurp the place given at other times to healthful, stimulating work. But the student should hold her work in mind in so much that all her pleasures and recreations may tend to aid her in it, not to unfit her to return to it again after her resting time is over. The three weeks of vacation, as well as the three months of study, may be spent with the greatest profit, or they may be abused, with direful results. Examinations come like a day of judgment; miser and spendthrift are both convicted, if they have misused time, hoarding it as too precious to be spent in honest fun, or flinging it away carelessly, neglecting its golden opportunities.

The Free Press.

I.

The article on "Student Self-Government" that appeared in a recent number of the Magazine raised two questions in the minds of Wellesley students: (1) Do we, as students, really desire self-government? and (2) What method of government is being evolved here in our midst?

Do the Wellesley students desire self-government? Put the question to any girl, to any number of girls. Those who answer impulsively will cry out "Yes," and wonder that you asked; those who are more conservative will still say glibly, "Yes, ultimately." But those who hesitate before they answer will give one of two replies, either it will be "Yes, and we are getting it slowly, by degrees"; or it will be "No, or we would have been governing ourselves long ago." What is the meaning of this difference of opinion? Which answer is the true one? Each, and yet not one. They indicate different stages of thought, and often it is the one who longs for it the most earnestly who feels that the students as a body care for it not at all.

Yet each girl believes that she individually desires self-government for the students of the college; do all combine in making progress in self-government? Each declares it to be her firm hope that such a government will eventually be established here by the *students*, — how many strive to bring that future state nearer by even one forward step? Each asserts her own interest in the question, — how many have an intelligent opinion on the subject? how many know the state of the case in other colleges? In short, how many have thought at all on the subject in a practical way?

I have heard editors of this Magazine complain because they could not persuade girls to write on this subject. What reasons did the girls give? This one reason: "I have nothing to say; *I have not thought about it.*" Yet these are the girls who compose our junior and senior classes; the girls who are ready to tell what were the legislative powers of the Peers of Charlemagne, and what the constitutional status of the yeoman in the time of Richard II., but when it comes to a question affecting their own privileges, affecting the interests of the college they so greatly love, they have neither words nor thoughts. Is this too severe on Wellesley's serious, earnest students? Because a girl is not willing to make public her thoughts, that does not prove she has none; and no doubt this silent unconscious thinking bears its own fruit. It certainly helps train the individual, it is good as far as it goes, but it fails utterly to meet the present need. It is not

the thinkers who merely sit and think that help the world on, it is the thinkers who put their thoughts into words and deeds whom men remember with gratitude. In the face of their own statements to the contrary, I dare assert that the majority of Wellesley students do think on this subject in a desultory, indifferent fashion, that they do plan in a third-person-future style. But I assert, also, that a minority, call it small if you please, do nothing of the kind. And for this minority let us raise our *Te Deums* — for the girls who think earnestly, enthusiastically on this and all subjects of college interest, who stand ready with carefully considered opinions and plans almost matured, who work, with eyes fixed on the future, in and for the present. Few they are, I grant, who answer to this description; and yet on these few rests the task of arousing public opinion to a realization of the importance of this question, to a realization that the answer lies wholly with the students — *with the majority.*

And let us who compose this majority see to it that we are not long in taking the first forward step. That step has been lately pointed out to us,— the exercise by the students of "such powers as they already have." How many of us ever know what constitutes these powers? Let us not be slow in finding out. Above all let us remember that it rests with us of the majority to say when and how we are to exercise our powers; that a period of ultimate self-government by the students presupposes a period of transition and progress; that the future method of college government will be largely determined by present students, just as the college of the present is the outcome of past causes.

This leads us to the consideration of the second question: What method of student self-government is being evolved at Wellesley?

Unacquainted with the history of the college, except for the last three years, it would be presumption indeed for one of "the majority" to attempt a discussion of the subject. But one well-known feature that has been developed only lately seems so truly characteristic of Wellesley that it can but be deemed as significant of the direction of future development. I refer to the Committees of Conference which both faculty and students find so satisfactory. By this means the faculty are enabled the better to understand just what the students desire, and their reasons for the desire; while the students are made to realize more strongly that the faculty are ready to act with as well as for them. They are, in fact, a means of communication between the governed and the governing, by which reciprocal representation is effected; by which the wishes of the students are represented to the faculty and the reasons of the faculty to the students. So far their efforts have been attended with marked success. What significance may we attach to

this fact? Simply that desired ends are best obtained by united efforts, by the efforts, in this case, of teacher and student acting together. That at Wellesley, it is the tendency for the students to gain a wider control over matters relating to their interests as college women, through association with the faculty — not as at Harvard and Bryn Mawr through separate associations entirely their own. I may be mistaken, but it seems to me that what we as students desire is not control over certain matters as a separate organization, but a voice in the college legislature, representation in college legislation.

The success of these very committees is due to the fact that they did represent the faculty to the students, the students to the faculty. We feel them to be a step toward full representation, we feel also that the time has come for this fuller representation, when the students shall have a part in the making of laws by which they, and they alone, must abide. True, this means a mighty change in the principle of things, and yet can we doubt it would be a change for the better? Legislation without representation was once called tyranny; and if Harvard men, whose staid demeanor and self-control are surely no more proverbial than our own, if the students of Bryn Mawr — who are after all merely women like ourselves — if they are allowed councils of self-government and control over matters in which we have no voice, if such powers are given to others, surely Wellesley would be running no great risk in granting her students a part in the making of her laws. While we know that "the rules express no arbitrary will of the faculty, but the mature judgment of a body of thoughtful persons as to the conditions under which alone the student can obtain the very things for which he came," yet we feel that it would be good for the student to have the opportunity of expressing his opinion as to what these conditions shall be. While we glory in the wisdom and justice of the rules we obey, we feel that the college government is practically a government for the students by the faculty, whereas it should be a government in which the students have a recognized part, an influential voice. Thus, I repeat, by having a direct part in the existing order of things, not by establishing a new method, by representation and not by separation, will we as Wellesley students best govern ourselves.

If I am right in believing this to be the method toward which Wellesley is tending, it behooves us as students to think carefully about the matter, and to do our part toward bringing it to pass. If this is a mistaken view, let us get at the truth without further delay, and when we have found it, let us act by it. Instead of shirking our own responsibility by vaguely hoping for ultimate self-government, let us work for the future in the present.

FRANCES H. LUCAS.

II.

A recent editorial on college friendships has attracted my attention and to my mind its position invites a challenge. Agreeing perfectly with the view there taken as to the responsibility involved in making friends, for surely true friendship like marriage is not to be entered into "lightly or unadvisedly," there seems to me another side of the question often disregarded.

Our inclination to seek the best in friendship, to rise toward those above us, is great according to the proportion of aspiration in us, and that aspiration in this college atmosphere, ever inspiring us toward that which is ideal, is generally an increasing factor. "To make friends with the noblest and best people in the circle of our acquaintance is a duty involved in the determination of our environment." This is an undeniable fact; but has all been said? Is there not another duty of friendship? There is a giving as well as a getting. In the desire to seek that which is animating and uplifting is there not sometimes a temptation to forget "the equals and inferiors, who inspire in us no spirit of emulation," a tendency to gather into our own garners the best about us, but a blindness to the needs of those who crave what we might give them? There are many whom we meet daily to whom our words or our friendship, just because we may happen to them to seem above their level in intellect or heart graces, would be perhaps the reviving touch, the life-giving influence which they unconsciously wait to receive in order to be their best selves.

In no attitude of condescension then, but with an insight born of love, looking for the best in every one, let us cultivate those friendships which are self-giving, as well as those in which we humbly feel ourselves the receivers. We may have both at the same time; we may rise toward the one friend as we bend toward the other; but let us not measure what we give by what we gain in this beautiful tie of friend with friend.

Yet no giving in a true friendship is utterly without return. We shall find something added to our own lives when we least expect it. It is worthy of the effort, this opening of new possibilities to others and to ourselves.

G. E. M.

III.

To the Editor of the Wellesley Magazine: — A recent editorial on friendship seems to me to have ascribed too sordid and mechanical a nature to the most mysterious and most beautiful of human relationships. Will you allow

me a little space in which to explain my meaning? There are some things that, like happiness, do not come to him who seeks them. They are divine gifts, or rather they are the effect of great natural forces whose ultimate nature we cannot understand and whose workings we are as yet only beginning to investigate. I believe friendship to be of such a kind; not a thing which we make and unmake at will, not something over which we bargain and hesitate; but the result of powers mysterious and irresistible, as little within our control as chemical affinity, and which, once formed, can be destroyed only by violent chemical separation.

Granting, however, for the times that friendships might be created by conscious volition, let us consider the practical difficulties in the way of such a method of selection as you suggest. First, upon what basis is the choice to be made? You say that our friends should be our superiors, those from whom we may hope to derive benefit. It does not seem to me indisputable that we derive more benefit from association with superiors than inferiors, but admitting that, in what way are they to be our superiors? Intellectually, morally, in point of culture, principle, education, artistic taste or social position? Must we seek a combination of all these? If we attempt to choose, which quality should take precedence? If we decide on intellectual endowment, should we seek breadth or depth of thought, originality or receptivity, general information or the powers of a specialist? Should we seek a mind whose bent is like our own or opposite? Should we choose one whose development is well advanced, or one which gives promise of great future growth? Further, even when we have decided on the desirable quality, how, if our insight stops short of infallibility, can we know whether a person surely possesses it?

But, for the sake of argument, I grant again that the decision has been successfully made and the friendship begun. Next, you say we should constantly strive to pass from lower to higher friendships. In other words, we must all the time watch the circle of our acquaintances to see whether some one has not appeared on the horizon more desirable as a friend than the one with whom we are at present associated. Now will arise all the difficulties of comparison. No two minds, we are told, were ever formed after the same model, so that we cannot lay these two down side by side and measure them as one would two sticks. There would be differences of shape as well as size. Finally, suppose this remarkable feat to have been accomplished, and that we have proved ourselves possessed of the power, hitherto reckoned rare, of understanding human nature accurately and adapting it readily to one's own ends. What of the morality of all this? What of sentiment and loyalty, of unselfishness and devotion? In this age of scientific

analysis, have we analyzed all affection out of friendship itself and left it but a dry husk of utilitarianism? Then let us say good-bye to the old word, around which some possibly unscientific but certainly pleasing memories cling, and admit that this new relationship is not friendship at all.

Indeed, in your editorial, it seems to me that you do not clearly distinguish between the terms friendship and acquaintanceship. Two people may be very thoroughly acquainted and yet feel no spark of affection. True friendship is quite a different thing from passing connection or even intimacy. We may sit reverently at the feet of a great man as we sit at the feet of a teacher, but that is not friendship. We may bow in gratitude before a benefactor, but that is not friendship. We may stand side by side with a fellow-workman all our days, but that is not necessarily friendship. Now, in choosing acquaintances, we might indeed proceed somewhat on the method you suggest, since here no affection and no especial loyalty is implied. Still even here there is a difficulty. If it be not too wild an assumption, suppose that some one who is my inferior should, in accordance with your rule, seek my acquaintance. How would it be possible for me, also in accordance with your rule, to permit the intimacy? In the same way, how could my superior agree to any sort of fellowship with me?

Indeed, I seem to see society in one mad rush — not altogether a fancy picture — each man fleeing desperately from the man behind and grasping frantically at the coat-tails of the one in front. It is a wearisome sight. Would it not be better, after all, to go back to the old way, where acquaintanceship comes because destiny has thrown us together and because we find something interesting in every human being, and where friendship springs up as poetry from the heart of a poet, not because of any reward it brings, but simply because it must?

'93.

Book Reviews.

FAR FROM TO-DAY. By Gertrude Hall.

Again the short story, but the short story with a difference. Somebody in this nineteenth century has been dreaming dreams in the midst of the mediæval forests.

What a surprise! what a relief! Here are no crisp sketches of the New England spinster; no latest reports from Red Man's Gulch; no rambling of Befo' de Wah; but voices from out the mists of Feudalism; dialect stories of the Middle

Ages. Lazy little tales that do not hurry to the finish, modern fashion, but linger dreamily over a bit of sunset, or the shadows under a forest tree, or the end of a man's life, with a leisureliness most welcome, most refreshing.

There are six of these stories, and the good points in each have such a way of starting to the face that one again experiences relief upon discovering that it will be difficult to say for this once: "The most exquisite story in this collection is the first" or the last, or the next to the last, as the case may be. Perhaps the most prominent idea one has concerning them is that they are, as the title asserts, "far from to-day," very far; there is a haze over them. One of their peculiarities and one which tends artistically to account for this haze is the fact that the author never defines their geographical limits; she never plants her incident irrevocably in the north-west corner of Germany or on the left bank of the Seine; she talks about a city, or a river, or a kingdom and thereby preserves a sort of fairy tale perspective. And yet she has imparted a decided race distinction to the heroes and heroines of the different tales, and this, not by their names alone (although it were not easy to place Servirol and Aurore otherwhere than France, or Philotis and the sons of Philemon beyond the boundaries of Greece), but by a quaint change of dialect, which makes the speech of Ulf utterly different from that of the shepherd-king, and by an attention to time and custom, which makes the city of Hildgard and Lothrich other than the city of Sweyn.

In themes the stories are not strikingly new. "The Sons of Philemon" tells of the two brothers who loved the same woman, but loved their honor more, and of the mother who could not choose which one of them should die. In Servirol appears the man who steals away the wife of his friend; in "Shepherd," two who love each other remain forever parted; but the changes are rung in a different key. The modern short story is apt to be sounded upon a somewhat shrill note, and these come to us like the sigh of the wind through many trees. It is only because she lives in the nineteenth century, however, that Miss Hall has been able to make her men and women stand out so clearly in the midst of mist; she has entered into the thoughts of these mediæval dreamlings of hers as only a modern writer would.

It may be that sometimes she is a little tardy in bringing her tale to its close; Sylvanus, otherwise so exquisite, and perhaps more than all the others, original in conception, drags just a bit at the last page, the last sentence; we of the modern hour like best to cut away our moral, our selvidge edge from off the end of the warp and woof.

They are sad little tales, every one; but with the sadness of optimism, the grief of conquest.

It is good to be able to shut one's self out from the nearness of the present sometimes, and it has been good to be able to hang the quaint old-world tapestry of thought in this little book before the door of the near to-day.

Records of Tennyson, Ruskin, and Browning. By Anne Thackeray Ritchie.

Whether the motive be curiosity or love, it is certain that there is usually a desire, on the part of those who study the writings of a great man, to know something of his life and personality. Indeed, the relation between the book and the man back of it, between the teaching and the life through which it comes is one not to be disregarded in estimating the influence of any leader of thought. Too often the revelation of this inner life is painful and disappointing, but Mrs. Ritchie's records give an added reverence for these three great interpreters of our century's life.

Memories, personal impressions collected by a hand which is that of friend rather than critic,—this is all that the book claims to be; but the work is done with the touch of the artist. From the opening picture of the little Tennyson, in the Somersby garden, making his first line of poetry as the wind blew his waving hair, saying, "I hear a voice that's speaking in the wind," to the closing scene of the volume in which the friends of Robert Browning, "the man of rock and sunshine," pay their last tribute at his grave, a fine sense of the fitness of things, of that which is harmonious in each recorded life, makes the work as a whole beautiful. We enter with the author the charmed atmosphere that lay about these great souls as she felt it from her own place in the circles of literature, as the daughter of Thackeray. With her we sit at the feast of high thoughts, sharing the genial hospitality which these men dispensed, "at the kind board where the salt has not lost its savor in the years that have passed, and where the guests can say their grace not for bread and wine alone."

The sketch of Tennyson, the poet who lived so close to nature that he caught her music, is especially delightful. His personality, recluse though he was, with life hidden from the curious world, becomes very real to us through the author's personal knowledge of him. Ruskin, as she herself says, she sketches not from the position of the art critic, but from her own point of view only, "as a light-bearer, as a writer of the English language, as a poet in his own measure." It is the man himself she gives us, the warm-hearted, sometimes impulsive, poetic yet often didactic, Ruskin; but his very departures from his sternly outlined theories, as shown in extracts from letters to his friends, draw us nearer to him. The treatment of his character and teaching is most sympathetic.

Mr. and Mrs. Browning live again for us in the affection of Mrs Ritchie, for her pen seems here even more than elsewhere guided by loving and devoted reverence. The unusual character of these two poets and their beautiful union impress us more strongly than ever. The noble-souled man, a vivid illustration of Sir Philip Sydney's definition of a gentleman, "High thoughts erected in the heart of courtesy," with his patience under misunderstanding, his kindness and charity, wins us once again by his life as he has done by his words. The picture of their charming home life gives us glimpses of one who was at her best there. "Mrs. Browning was a great writer; but I think she was even greater as woman than as writer, and any account of her would be incomplete which did not put these facts first and foremost in her history," says Mrs. Ritchie.

Although the aim of these reminiscenses is distinctly to picture the men rather than criticise their work, yet we find here and there indications of the author's thoughtful estimates of it. Our attention is called to "the remarkable influence which Alfred Tennyson seems to have had from the very first upon his contemporaries even before his genius had been recognized by the rest of the world." She quotes a characteristic bit from Carlyle's words about him: "A man, solitary and sad as certain men are, dwelling in an atmosphere of gloom; carrying a bit of chaos about him, in short, which he is manufacturing into cosmos." Of Ruskin she gives us this appreciative comment of her own: "There is also all the extraordinary influence of personality in his teaching. Oracles like Mill and Spencer veil their faces when they utter. Poets and orators like Ruskin uncover their heads when they address their congregation."

To read these "appreciations," if such they may be called, is to dwell for a time in the company of those who interpret the world to us with a high spiritual insight; it is to share the ideal world of Tennyson, to see beauty in common things with Ruskin, and to look at men with Browning's optimism. This is uplifting and ennobling, therefore we cannot but be thankful for the privilege Mrs. Ritchie's work affords us.

GRACE ELDRIDGE MIX.

Exchanges.

We are glad to welcome among the fresh magazines that crown our table a new monthly, — The "College Fraternity," "issued in the interest of the American College Fraternity System." It satisfactorily meets a long felt want, and the first number is full of interest.

The November numbers of several of our exchanges divide their honors between "Columbus," "The World's Fair," and "Foot-ball."

The "Southern Collegian" gives us among its *silhouettes* quite a strong sketch — "The Minister's Story."

The "Nassau Lit." opens with its prize essay, a well written article, having for its subject "India's Place in English Fiction." It excels the majority of essays on literary subjects printed in college magazines, in that it bears evidence of original work as well as of scholarly research. Through the editorial columns of the magazine is expressed the desire for an Inter-Collegiate Debate League to be formed between Princeton, Yale, and Harvard, the contest to take place in New York.

The Yale papers still keep up a vigorous protest against compulsory chapel, and seem to feel that the day of reform is at hand. They have our cordial sympathy in the struggle.

The leading number of the "Harvard Monthly" is an essay on "The Romantic Elements in Lord Tennyson's Poetry." The subject is handled in a scholarly fashion, and is the best of the Tennyson papers that have appeared in the recent exchanges.

The expectations aroused by the pretty cover of the "Mount Holyoke" find full justification in the contents of the November number, now before us. A large part of the magazine is this month devoted to a "Columbus Corner," containing several interesting sketches and bits of verse. "A Magazine Carnival" makes some sharp hits at the prominent periodicals of the day.

The "Harvard Monthly" for December adopts a charmingly generous tone in its leading article, "A Glimpse of Yale." The first of a series of papers on "Cardinal Newman" is sympathetic and keen.

The best part of the "Vassar Miscellany" is found this month under "Points of View." The subjects treated are anything but new — the college curriculum *vs.* class and committee work, recreation *vs.* study, Sunday rest, etc. The discussion, however, is well worth reading.

The leading article in "The Inlander," University of Michigan, on "The Sphere of the State" is thoughtful and interesting.

In the Yale Literary Magazine is a bright sketch entitled "Children of a Larger Growth." The cynicism in the first part is much better done than the attempt at pathos in the second.

"From the Book of Lives," an Italian story in the "Southern Collegian," is strongly worked up and holds the attention until the climax, which is, however, too horrible and purposeless to be artistic.

The holiday number of the "Nassau Lit." is full of bright and entertaining

stories and sketches. An additional one, "False Originality," deals a necessary blow at a variety of literary style that is becoming painfully frequent in and out of college publications.

The November number of the "Harvard Advocate" has for its opening editorial a stirring article against the worship of brawn and muscle to the exclusion of all respect for body and soul. It is indeed refreshing to find among the huge pile of college magazines at least one that dares question the opinion that "body is better than soul and matter than mind."

From a great mass of verse, some of it good, some of it otherwise, we clip the following as fairly representative:

COLUMBUS IN CHAINS.

For a mighty thought and a purpose strong,
His age with fetters bound him;
For his matchless faith which gave us a world,
Four centuries have crowned him.

THE MOUNT HOLYOKE.

THE SEA-FAIRIES.

[WRITTEN FOR A CHILD.]

When the moon shines bright on the lonely beach,
And the sea is half-asleep,
Heaving, heaving evermore;
While the surf falls lazily along the shore,
And the gleaming ripples creep,

Then the wet little fairies come out of the wave,
And dance by the light of the moon,
In gossamer dresses of white sea-foam,
Brown sea-weed sash and coral comb,
With spotted shells for shoon.

Their little feet patter upon the sands
As round and round they go.
The moonlight silvers all their charms,
Their sea-green tresses, bare brown arms,
And pearly eyes aglow.

And three little fairies blow on shells,
Making low music sweet,
Like fairy surge on a fairy shore,
Tumbling, tumbling, with tiny roar,
In time to the pattering feet.

The king of the fairies sits apart,
With a trident seeptre of gold.
He sits in kingly state alone:
A crystal pebble his splendid throne,
Carved by the waves of old.

But when the moon dips low in the west,
And sands and sea grow dim,
The fairies vanish with the light,
Leaving the surf, through the lonely night,
To chant its solemn hymn.

THE BRUNONIAN.

NOCTURNE.

I.

The other night two Beings passed before me as I slept—
I seareely heard a single sound, so quietly they crept—
Except the rustling of their robes around them as they stept.

II.

Then straightway grew I curious, and half arose in bed,
And strained each trembling nerve to hear and ponder what they said—
To learn who these strange Shapes might be in garments of the dead.

III.

The one was clad in white, and wore a white rose in her hair—
I wondered why she wore the blossom thus, and then, and there—
I wondered who the One could be—so marvelously fair!

IV.

My answer came—a whisper such as ne'er was heard on earth—
A hollow, heartless whisper, full of mocking, maddening mirth—
"Once, long ago, I kissed him. I'm the Instant of his Birth!"

V.

The other, darkly robed, seemed an embodiment of woes—
An odor as if from the tomb was clinging to her clothes,
And fastened on her breast I saw she wore a withered rose.

VI.

Her voice was low and tender—seareely heard above a breath—
As when a lovelorn angel to her lover whispereth—
And she said—"I soon shall kiss him—I'm the Instant of his Death!"

VII.

They spoke and vanished, but the dream will haunt me 'till I die—
The question burns within me—Why the White One's mockery?—
And why the Other's tenderness?—Ah, who can tell me why!

THE NASSAU LIT.

TENNYSON.

To-night, when chill winds tear away
From shivering bough the pallid leaf,
I think of him who sang in grief,
"Our little systems have their day;

"They have their day and cease to be."
He is not dead, but aye shall give
Pure, tuneful solace; he shall live,
The beacon of a century.

THE HARVARD MONTHLY.

LETTERS.

"Lovingly yours," she used to write,
That was after our summer's fun:
Mark what the rocks and waves had done.
"Lovingly yours," she used to write
When college begun.

"Ever sincerely"—ah! a change,
Thus she forgets the lesson she taught;
Somebody else is paying court.
"Ever sincerely"—what a change!
She scarcely ought.

"Cordially"—this is very terse,
Such nonchalance will never do;
That summer's faded from her view.
"Cordially"—frigid—very terse.
I wonder—who?

"Yours," ah, well, I expected that,
That was after his winter's fun;
Mark what parties and hops had done,
"Yours in haste," I expected that
Ere college was done.

HARVARD ADVOCATE.

EPITAPH FOR A POET.

The critics scorned to criticise,
The editors to analyze,
The poems I was wont to write;
And friends themselves showed no surprise
That men could be so impolite.

One man there was, however, who
Possessed a most exalted view
Of all I ever wrote or said;
Of all the men I ever knew
He only had a level head.

He was a man intelligent,
Who from a better land was sent;
A poet of a high degree
Of fancy and of sentiment,
A perfect genius, namely, Me.

HARVARD ADVOCATE.

College Notes.

The long-dreamed of post-office is at last to become a reality. It is to be in the hands of the college, and will probably be opened at the beginning of the new semester. Each student will possess a key to her own box, and be able to secure her own mail.

A delightful concert was given in the chapel on January 9th by the Germania Orchestra, assisted by Miss Rose Stewart as soloist.

Miss Bates and Miss Coman were prevented by illness from meeting their classes at the beginning of this term.

Miss Charlotte Roberts stopped for a short visit at Wellesley on her way back to Yale, where she is this year studying.

Miss Emily Fogg, formerly of '93, spent a part of the vacation at college with Miss Keith.

Dr. Lyman Abbott spoke in the chapel on Thursday evening, January 5th.

The snow continues to fall, and the sleighing and coasting are thoroughly enjoyed by the students.

All who wish to register with the New England Bureau of Education, whose advertisement may be found in another column, may obtain the necessary blanks of Miss Helen G. Eager, '93.

Society Notes.

The Art Society held its regular meeting in the Art Gallery, December 10th. The following programme was presented:

Modern English Drama:

Paper: Characteristics of Modern English Drama . . Miss Howe
Talks: Comparison of Modern English Drama with
a. Greek Drama . . . . . Miss Irish
b. Shakespearian Drama . . . . . Miss Foster
Reading, with tableaux. Scenes from "A Blot on the 'Scutcheon."

A regular meeting of Phi Sigma was held January 7th. The programme was as follows:

Morris as "The Apostle of Brotherhood."

I. A Review of Some Prominent Utopians . . . . Helen Foss
II. The Evolution of the Social Ideal . . . . . Edith White
III. Debate. Resolved, that Morris' Socialist Scheme is practicable.
Affirmative. Henrietta St. B. Brooks.
Negative. Helen G. Eager.

At her regular meeting, held January 14th, Zeta Alpha finished the semester's study of "Forecasts of the Twentieth Century." The programme was as follows:

Music and Art.

I. American Painting and Painters . . . . Clara L. Willis
II. Songs of American Composers . . . . . Grace Grenell
III. Comparison of Modern French and English Art . Lydia O. Pennington
IV. Tendencies of Modern European Composers with piano illustrations . . . . . Helen Drake
V. The future of Music and Art . . . . Winifred Augsbury

The following new members were initiated: Grace L. Addeman, '95, Kate W. Nelson, '95, Helen Dennis, '95, Mary E. Field, '95, Elizabeth M. Wood, '94, Clara M. Kruse, '94.

College Bulletin.

Jan. 12. Phillips Brooks speaks in the evening.
Jan. 15. Dr. Archibald McCullough of Worcester preaches.
Jan. 16. Reading by Geo. W. Cable.
Jan. 22. Rev. S. R. Fuller of Malden preaches.
Jan. 26. Day of Prayer for colleges.
Feb. 19. Rev. Chas. A. Dickinson preaches.

Alumnae Notes.

THE WASHINGTON WELLESLEY ASSOCIATION.

The members of the Washington Wellesley Association and their guests from the college, who are in Washington for the holidays, were entertained at the home of Miss Ethel Glover, '90, 1505 R street, Northwest, December 29. It was the occasion of the Fifth Annual Meeting of the Association. The election of officers for the coming year was as follows: President, Miss Mabel Godfrey, '90; vice-president, Miss C. W. Orr, '89; secretary, Mrs. Laura Paul Dilber, '79-'80; treasurer, Miss Lewanna Wilkins, '91; chairman of business committee, Miss Maria Baldwin, '91.

The social meeting began with a violin solo by Miss Mattie Saxton of Mt. Pleasant. This was followed by addresses of welcome to the new members by the president of the association, Miss Emma Teller, '89; Miss Isabella Campbell, '94, then gave most entertainingly the annals of the college for the year '92. Miss Cummings of the Wellesley faculty gave an account of the changes recently made in the college curriculum.

Miss Florence Converse, so well-known to the readers of the Wellesley Magazine, read one of her stories. College songs and a tea closed a most delightful reunion.

Among the guests from the college were: Miss Cummings, Miss Gilchrist, Miss Converse, Miss Laura Northey, Miss Grace Johnson, Miss Lila Tayler, Miss Louise Taylor, Miss Celia Mayse, Miss Lydia Wilkins, Miss Alice Parvis, Miss Agnes Cook, Miss Bartlett, Miss Warren. Miss E. A. Vinton, '84, of Norfolk College, Va., was also present.

The fall meeting of the Philadelphia Wellesley Club was held November 19 at 1132 Gwaid St., Miss Anna Palen presiding. The short business meeting was preluded by music given by Miss Bird of the Walton (Wellesley) School and followed by an informal discussion as to the future of the club

A Wellesley Association has been formed in Washington State.

The Chicago Wellesley Club met November 19th at the home of Miss Anna Williams, Washington Boulevard, Miss Mary Howe in the chair. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Miss Marion Ely; vice-president, Miss Alice Hinchcliffe Ray; corresponding secretary, Miss May Cook; recording secretary, Miss Edith Wilkinson.

Miss Laura Jones, '84, is *studying* Hebrew and history in Chicago University instead of teaching as was stated in the last number of the Magazine.

Miss Harriet Stone, '88, is pursuing advanced work in chemistry at the Chicago University.

Miss May Cook, '83, Miss Isabella Stone and Miss Caroline Williams of '89 and Miss Agnes Holbrook, '92, have formed a private class in German under Mlle. Heistermeister.

Miss Lucia Leffingwell, '89, is studying in the Art Students' League, N. Y.

Miss Bell Sherwin, '90, is teaching history in St. Margaret's School, Waterbury, Conn.

Miss Mary Stevens Ayres, '87-'91, is living in Wellesley and pursuing a normal course in physical culture with Miss Annie Payson Call of Boston.

Miss Agnes Holbrook, '92, is taking a course in Constitutional Law at Chicago University.

The address of Miss Lillian Hunt is 1104 13th street, Northwest, Washington, D. C.

Marriages.

OSMER—LAROSE. At Logansport, Ind., Dec. 28, 1862, Anna V. LaRose, '84, to Walter A. Osmer. At home, 316 North street, after Jan. 11, 1893. Miss LaRose is the ex-superintendent of public schools in Logansport.

Births.

To Mrs. Helen Harris Dutcher, M. D., '86-'88, (?) December 5, 1892, a son, Frederick Harris Dutcher.

Deaths.

Jan. 5, Miss Annie Gilchrist Bell of McGregor, Iowa. Student at Wellesley '76-'78.

COTRELL & LEONARD,

ALBANY, N. Y.,

MAKERS OF

CAPS AND GOWNS

TO THE

AMERICAN COLLEGES.

******

Illustrated Catalogue and particulars on application.

Jameson & Knowles Company,

Importers and Retailers of

FINE SHOES.

15 Winter Street, BOSTON.

Special attention given to young people's Fancy Dress Shoes.

Usual College Discounts given.

H. H. Carter & Co.,

STATIONERS AND ENGRAVERS,

WILL ALLOW

20 per cent. Discount

on purchases made by

STUDENTS FROM WELLESLEY COLLEGE.

3 Beacon Street,

BOSTON.

Your attention is called to our stock of

SOUVENIR SPOONS, HAIR ORNAMENTS, SOUVENIR CUPS,

Toilet and Desk Funishings in Sterling and Plated Silver.

GOLD AND SILVER STICK PINS! BIRTHDAY GIFTS!

Marble and Iron Clocks, $6.00 to $20.00.

Stock in all departments always complete.

A. STOWELL & CO.,

24 Winter Street, - - - - - - BOSTON.

New Pictures.

Etchings, Engravings, Photographs, just received from the best American, English, French, and German publishers.

The largest and finest stock to select from in New England,—and prices satisfactory.

Special attention to Artistic Framing.

WILLIAMS & EVERETT,

190 Boylston Street, - - Boston.

Artists' Materials.

DRAFTING INSTRUMENTS.

ART STUDIES AND BOOKS.

Oil and Water Colors; Crayons; Materials for Tapestry, Painting, etc.

Wadsworth, Howland & Co.,

82 & 84 Washington St., Boston.

Principal Factories: { MALDEN, MASS. PARIS, MAINE.

Charles E. Foss,

MANUFACTURER OF

UMBRELLAS, PARASOLS AND CANES.

Special attention given to covering and repairing.

9 Temple Place,

BOSTON.

A. N. COOK & CO.,

Importers, Manufacturers, Jobbers and Dealers in

FINE HATS AND FINE FURS,

377 & 379 Washington St.,

Opp. Franklin St., BOSTON.

WE AIM FOR THE FINEST AND BEST.
NEW AND CORRECT STYLE.
SEAL SKIN GARMENTS TO ORDER, TAILOR MEASURE, FIT GUARANTEED.
FURS RECEIVED ON STORAGE, INSURED AGAINST MOTH AND FIRE.

Gloves and Veiling.

Miss M. F. Fisk,

44 TEMPLE PLACE,

Calls the attention of the Young Ladies to her stock of Kid, Undressed Kid, and Dog Skin Gloves, that are suitable for all occasions. Also to her very becoming stock of Veilings.

And solicits their patronage, and will give to any of the Students 6 per cent. discount.

'TIS SAID
by people who have tried it that the quickest and surest relief for all Bronchial affections, Coughs, Huskiness, etc., is

Chapin's Bronchial Cough Syrup

It was never advertised until the demand from the successful use of the Syrup promised its general use.
Physicians, Ministers, Public Speakers, Singers, are now sending for it from all parts of the United States.

25 Cents a Bottle at Druggists.

Physicians' Prescriptions carefully prepared. All the Drugs and Druggists' Sundries needed in the home always in stock.

WM. A. CHAPIN, Apothecary,
Under U. S. Hotel, Boston.

ROSES, ROSES.

J. TAILBY & SON,

FLORISTS.

Opposite Railroad Station, Wellesley.

Cut Flowers and Plants of the Choicest Varieties on hand. Floral designs for all occasions arranged at shortest notice. Orders by mail or otherwise promptly attended to. Flowers carefully packed and forwarded to all parts of the United States and Canada.

BOOKS in all Departments of Literature . .

can be found at our store. The largest assortment in Boston of the popular and standard authors. Also a large variety at special reductions. Large variety of Bibles, Prayer Books, Booklets, etc.

WE ARE NOTED FOR LOW PRICES.

De Wolfe, Fiske & Co.,

THE ARCHWAY BOOKSTORE,

361 & 365 Washington Street, - - BOSTON.

Mrs. W. B. Crocker,

Importer and Designer of

Fine Millinery,

318 Boylston St., Boston.

DISCOUNT TO STUDENTS.

WELLESLEY PHARMACY,

CHAS. W. PERRY, Proprietor.

PURE DRUGS & MEDICINES.

Physicians' Prescriptions a Specialty.

FINEST ROADBED ON THE CONTINENT.

BOSTON & ALBANY RAILROAD.

ONLY

First Class Through Car Route

To the West.

Through Trains leave Boston as follows:

8.30 a. m. (ex. Sunday) Day Express.
10.30 a. m. (daily) Chicago Special.
2.00 p. m. (daily) North Shore Limited.
3.00 p. m. (ex. Sunday) St. Louis Express.
5.00 p. m. (daily) Cincinnati and St. Louis Special.
7.15 p. m. (daily) Pacific Express.

Springfield Line

FOR

Hartford, New Haven and New York.

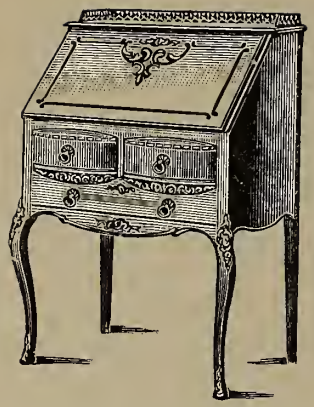
LEAVE BOSTON.		ARRIVE NEW YORK.
9.00 A. M.	(ex. Sunday)	3.30 P. M.
11.00 A. M.	(ex. Sunday)	5.30 P. M.
*12.00 Noon	(ex. Sunday)	5.40 P. M.
4.00 P. M.	(daily)	10.00 P. M.
11.00 P. M.	(daily)	7.41 A. M.

*This train in composed entirely of drawing-room cars, and special ticket which entitles holder to seat in drawing-room car required; tickets will not be sold beyond seating capacity of train.

For tickets, information, time-tables, etc., apply to nearest ticket agent.

A. S. HANSON,
GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT.

L O W



PRICED

IT is difficult to fit the right adjective to this desk. It needs a new one, fresh-made, to rightly describe it.

Inside it is a perfect warren of convenience. The sub-divisions were planned by a clever mind, who had a good ear for questions and answered them all.

The drawer arrangement is excellent. Round the top runs a brass gallery for guarding books or ornaments.

All this means nothing to you till you know the price. You will scarcely believe that this is one of the cheapest desks in our collection.

BUT IT IS!

Paine's Furniture Co.,

48 CANAL ST., BOSTON. [South Side Boston & Maine Depot.]

Fine Carpets.

The finest line of specialties in

Axminsters, Wiltons, and Brussels Carpets

ever offered by us.

These are all our patterns, with a full line of the

FAMOUS LONDON FURNISHER,

WILLIAM MORRIS'

PATTERNS IN

Carpets and Hammersmith Rugs.

WE FEEL THAT OUR FALL STOCK WILL BEAR THE CLOSEST INSPECTION.

Joel Goldthwait & Co.,

163 TO 169 WASHINGTON ST.,

BOSTON.

THE NEW ENGLAND BUREAU OF EDUCATION.

Reasons why this Bureau has gained and deserves the Confidence and Patronage of so large a Constituency of Teachers and School Officers all over the Nation:—

(1) Because it is the oldest Teachers' Agency in New England, having been established in 1875.
(2) Because its Manager for the last eleven years is a professional educator, and has become familiar with the conditions and wants of every grade of schools, and the necessary qualifications of teachers.
(3) Because the number of our candidates is large and embraces many of the ablest teachers, male and female, in the profession.
(4) Because all applications for teachers receive prompt and careful attention.
(5) Because our pledges for fair dealing and devotion to the interests of our patrons have been redeemed.

No charge to School Officers. Forms and circulars sent FREE. Register now for the Autumn vacancies for Winter and Spring as well, as the demand is constant. Apply to

HIRAM ORCUTT, Manager,

3 Somerset St., BOSTON.

WELLESLEY LAUNDRY.

BLOSSOM STREET.

Rates (for ½ dozen or more pieces) 60 cents per dozen. Less than ½ dozen pieces, list prices. Fancy ironing (dresses, skirts, sacques, etc.) charged at the rate of 30 cents per hour. Ladies' work in charge of lady assistants. All work guaranteed, and, if not satisfactory, may be returned to the laundry.

Work called for and delivered without charge.

LISTS FURNISHED.

L. F. MORSE. J. T. MELLERS.

$1000.00 PRIZES FOR POEMS on ESTERBROOK'S PENS.

48 PRIZES. 2 of **$100** each; 4 of **$50**; 12 of **$25**; 30 of **$10.** Poems not to exceed 24 lines, averaging 8 words. Competitors to remit **$1.00** and receive a gross of the new "Poet's" Pen and a combination Rubber Penholder. Write name and address on separate sheet. Send poems before **Jan. 1, '96.** **Awards** made by **competent judges** soon after. Circulars. **The Esterbrook Steel Pen Co., 26 John St., N. Y.**

Q. Sheldon & Co.,

Manufacturers and Dealers in

Steam Launches, Sail Boats, Row Boats, Canoes.

First-class work done at reasonable rates. Particular attention given to Light Cedar Boats and Canoes.

The Director of the Gymnasium and the Captains of the Boat-crews testify to the satisfaction which our work has given in Wellesley.

Warerooms, 394 Atlantic Ave.,

BOSTON, MASS.

KODAK DEVELOPING AND PRINTING. COPIES AND ENLARGEMENTS.

HARRIETTE ANTHONY,

PHOTOGRAPHER.

THE HIGHEST GRADE OF WORK FOR AMATEURS.

STUDIO, 154 TREMONT STREET,

BOSTON.

CAMERAS TO LET. MOUNTING OF PHOTOGRAPHS IN ALBUMS.

SHREVE, CRUMP & LOW CO.,

147 Tremont Street, Corner of West,

JEWELLERS AND SILVERSMITHS.

FINE STATIONERY. - - - - - CARD ENGRAVING.

PROGRAMS and INVITATIONS, both printed and engraved. Class Day programs a specialty.

CLASS PINS designed and manufactured to order.

PARASOLS and UMBRELLAS made to order, re-covered and repaired.

Kinsley's

ORIGINAL OF 863 BROADWAY, N. Y.

146 Tremont St. BOSTON

Pure, Fresh and Delicious Candies.

A Choice Selection of Fancy Baskets, Boxes and Bonbonnieres constantly on hand at very reasonable prices.

Woman's Medical College

OF THE NEW YORK INFIRMARY

321 EAST 15th STREET, NEW YORK.

Session '92-'93 opens October 1st, 1892. Three years Graded Course. Instruction by Lectures, Clinics, Recitations and practical work, under supervision in Laboratories and Dispensary of College, and in U. S. Infirmary. Clinics and operations in most of the City Hospitals and Dispensaries open to Women Students.

For Catalogues etc., address

EMILY BLACKWELL, M. D.,
321 East 15th Street, New York.

SHE. This is the easiest and most comfortable wheel I ever rode.

HE. Of course. We ride COLUMBIA PNEUMATICS, and they hold the market on comfort.

Catalogues free.

COLUMBIA WHEELS.

"The Finest in the Land."

Because
EASIEST RIDING,
RELIABLE,
"UP TO DATE."

Orders receive prompt attention leftwith

D. Duckett, Agt.,
WELLESLEY COLLEGE,
WELLESLEY.

LAMPS?

Yes, lots of them.
Big lamps to stand on the floor.
Medium sized lamps to put on tables.
Little lamps to go and sit in a corner with when you don't feel sociable.
All these and many more.

Buy one if you want to make your room attractive.
Never before was there such variety of design, or such beauty of execution.
Never were the shades so artistic.
Never were the prices so low.
Come and see.

R. HOLLINGS & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS,

523-525 WASHINGTON STREET,

Opposite R. H. White & Co.'s.

GLOVES.

Our Fall Importations have come, and the assortment, both as to qualities and shades, is very complete. Special attention is called to the following grades:

"LENOX."—This is our own exclusive make of Glove. It has given thorough satisfaction to our best customers for several years. It is a strictly first quality Suede Glove. This season's importation includes all the staple shades and some new shades. The following styles are very popular: 7-Hook Foster Lacing at $1.65 per pair, and 6-Button Mousquetaire at $1.75 per pair. We also carry this last Glove in lengths from 4 to 30 Buttons.

DENT'S LONDON GLOVES.—We make a specialty of Dent's English Gloves. They are specially adapted for Driving and for Street Wear. This season's importation includes a popular style of Castor Gloves at $1.00 per pair.

WE ARE THE ONLY DRY GOODS HOUSE GIVING WELLESLEY STUDENTS A DISCOUNT.

R. H. STEARNS & CO.,

Tremont Street & Temple Place, - - - - - - - - BOSTON.

Partridge

PHOTOGRAPHER,

BOSTON AND BROOKLINE, MASS.

WELLESLEY BRANCH

open every Monday and Tuesday.

Duplicates of last year portraits and Tree-day groups can be had at the Wellesley Studio.

Walter M. Hatch & Co.

Japanese Goods,

54 Summer Street.

TURKISH SLIPPERS, JAPANESE F-BRICS.

BRIC-A-BRAC, SCREENS, &C.

The only store in Boston dealing in Japanese, Chinese and India goods exclusively.